THE

ENGLISH BROTHERS;

OR,

ANECDOTES

OF THE

HOWARD FAMILY.

IN FOUR VOLUME

Segui, ... favole, to f

——And give to
A local habita...n, and a

VOL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM MILLER,
ALBEMARLE STREET.

1809.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. THE TANJORE
1280
1 340

3

THE

ENGLISH BROTHERS.

12 80

CHAP. XII.

"Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their motive natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona." SHAKESPEAR.

It was mid-day before the signal was made for the frigate's boat to bring our party on board. Captain Biron could not sail till the evening, and had ordered a collation in his cabin for his passengers, and the Governor's family, whom he had entreated to pay a visit to his ship before she put to sea. The

invitation was accepted; the Governor's daughters had taken such a liking to Miss Howard, that they were delighted not to part with her till it was absolutely necessary to do so. In gallant trim their boat bounded on the water, and they were received on board the Tempest, with a salute from the ship and a fine band of music. After partaking of the breakfast prepared for them, the young people, refreshed from their last night's fatigue, danced, and entertained themselves, till the anchor was heaving. When under the necessity of parting, they consoled themselves with the hope of meeting again in England. Thanks were gratefully returned for the hospitable reception they had met, and a thousand kind wishes were given for a prosperous and happy voyage. The Governor and his amiable family descended to the boat that was to carry them from their new-made and agree-

able friends, and they were soon lost to their sight. In the finest evening, with the fairest wind, Captain Biron left Gibraltar. While they passed the Straits Lady Gertrude and Miss Howard had the pleasure of being able to stay on deck, as the weather was uncommonly warm. The next day having got into the open sea, their usual occupations were renewed, and nothing material happened for some time. They passed St. Vincent's, and with their glasses had often a view of the coast of Spain. Captain Biron and Fitzroy little imagined at the moment f them merely uld one day be employed to assist the glorious efforts of the Spanish Patriots, to drive the royal robber and his myrmidons back to France.

Lord William appeared in better spirits than before he reached Gibraltar; he attended more to every one, and was not so absent; which convinced Lady Ger-

trude that he had been completely sick of the ship; and she attributed his ennui to the education of the present day for young men of fashion, which teaches them to think every thing a bore that does not at the moment gratify their feelings and answer all their wishes. This was a false idea of Lady Gertrude's, and proceeded from her ignorance of his attachment to her daughter; so blind was Lady Gertrude to what so nearly concerned her, though in general she had great penetration. She admired Lord William and the Marquis, but she thought [illegible], that they sh[illegible]as friends, and it never once entered her imagination that her beloved child's future happiness might be endangered by her intimacy with the brothers. She had, however, penetrated Fitzroy's secret, and was fully aware of his partiality for Miss Howard. She was silent to every one on the subject, except her husband; and they

both agreed in their approbation of him. His temper, disposition, and manners pleased them. They knew his fortune and rank in life was equal to what they wished for Caroline; and should his character answer his outward appearance, they believed she would never hesitate to accept of him, and in their own minds they turned a thousand innocent, unmeaning things she had said and done, into a degree of liking for Fitzroy.

Caroline, conscious of not having the slightest penchant for Mr. Fitzroy, or thinking of him in any way but as an agreeable acquaintance, had so much ease and gaiety in her manner to him, that, without the smallest intention to do so, she completely deceived her father and mother on the state of her heart. All Caroline feared in the world was, that she was of no consequence to Lord William, and that he was of too much to her. Even this fear was not

entirely allowed by herself. It would have startled her, could she have fairly appreciated her own feelings; to investigate them she durst not. She took as much pains to avoid seeing into her own heart, as Lord William did to dive into its most secret recesses. Lord William had no vanity, or it might have assisted his discoveries; but his nature had so little presuming in it, that fear predominated: from the idea of his brother's love for Caroline he started in terror.

Though, in general, good humour and harmony never forsook the inhabitants of the ship; yet there were moments, when Lord William and Fitzroy, thoughtfully pacing the deck, and by chance meeting, their souls employed on the same dear object, they have stopped, and made a surly stand: though rivals, both were honourable and just, and the rage of a moment was quickly at an end.

They had been several days at sea without meeting a single vessel; their own convoy kept together, and in great order, and made a most beautiful appearance. One morning at daybreak, a sailor from the topmast cried out that he plainly discovered two large vessels; they appeared far as the horizon, and he could not discern what they were; they seemed off the coast of France. Fitzroy flew like lightning up the mast, and with a glass could easily descry the ships, and calling to Captain Biron, told him he was sure one of them had French colours. "Then we must prepare for action," cried the Captain, and instantly ordered to clear the deck. All were soon in motion. Captain Biron himself went to Mr. Howard and Mr. Lindsey to inform them that he had reason to believe they should be chased by two French vessels, and he hoped the ladies would not be too much alarmed should it be so, and

that they would be satisfied to remove to the cock-pit, as the place of greatest security. "You, my good friends," said the Captain, "will take care of them; your being above would be useless, and only distress Lady Gertrude."

Lord William insisted on remaining in the place of danger; and seeing Fitzroy just descending the mast, he caught him by the arm, and said, "Fitzroy, you shall let me fight by your side." Fitzroy, pleased with the compliment, shook hands with Lord William, and declared he would share any danger with him. Lady Gertrude and Caroline were soon made acquainted with what was expected, and both shewed good sense and courage. The gentlemen came down, Lord William and Fitzroy, to converse with them for a moment. Lady Gertrude affectionately took both their hands, and prayed for their safety. Caroline burst into tears; and at the moment the thun-

der of cannon was heard, the ladies believed they were attacked; but Fitzroy, suspecting what it was, flew on deck, followed by Lord William. They met Captain Biron at the head of the stairs, giving orders to crowd every sail to assist an English vessel attacked by a French one. Captain Biron was all spirit and activity, and they could now plainly discover that the two ships they had seen were engaged. Going with every sail set that they could employ, in about half an hour they had a clear though distant view of the combatants, and had the delight of seeing, after a sharp engagement, the French vessel strike. They were still at a good distance. The ladies were brought up to see the two ships (that were now in full view). As the English colours were placed over the French, the joy of the Tempest's crew could not be controlled, and loud huzzas were sent from the deck. In a short time

Captain Biron was able to speak the Valiant, that had been so successful. She had suffered little, notwithstanding she had fought a good while, and was not in need of assistance. With light and exulting hearts, the Captain and crew of the Tempest pursued their way, giving three cheers to the Valiant.

All our party now met at breakfast, the ladies completely happy in the fortunate turn things had taken, and that the Valiant had met the French ship. The gentlemen rejoiced at the superiority of the English navy, but felt heartily sorry they were not in the engagement; they all joined, however, in laughing at their disappointment.

They now expected a few days would bring them to the English Channel. Hitherto they had enjoyed the finest weather imaginable: it was about to change, and Captain Biron feared a storm. The air was close and sultry, the

clouds black and heavy; violent thunder and lightning came on, and the sea rolled mountains high; and this fine vessel, that had rode proudly on the ocean, fearless of danger, was now tossed to and fro. It rose upon the billows to a tremendous height, and then dipped almost to the bottom of the deep. It proved, however, only a very violent thunder-storm, and in a few hours was completely at an end, and Captain Biron came to Lady Gertrude's cabin, to assure her and her daughter they had nothing to fear from the gale of wind they had experienced, as there was again a clear sky, and every appearance of the same fine weather for the remainder of their voyage. Lady Gertrude had suffered much from the rolling of the vessel; she was so indisposed as to be under the necessity of going to bed, and Caroline would not leave her for a moment. Uneasiness at seeing her

mother ill, had prevented her being so herself, or thinking of what would otherwise have greatly alarmed her. Towards evening Lady Gertrude was quite restored to health, and felt no more of that terrible sickness occasioned by the rolling of a ship.

As usual, every thing that could rationally amuse on the voyage, was thought of by these well-educated and elegant people; and this evening Lord William proposed reading a play to entertain Lady Gertrude, saying, it would be best for every one to take a part, which would be next to acting it. They chose Venice Preserved.—Miss Howard was to read Belvidera's part, Lord William Jaffier, Mr. Fitzroy Pierre. Captain Biron, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Lindsey, also took their parts; and they all succeeded in highly entertaining Lady Gertrude, and amusing themselves, till the hour of supper, which was always early,

and, notwithstanding the deep tragedy they had been reading, it was passed with great cheerfulness. Otway's melting lay is the very food of love, and it is scarcely possible to believe the progress Cupid made in a few hours in the hearts of Lord William and Miss Howard. They knew it not themselves, and imputed their own feelings, while they read the tender scenes between the lovely Belvidera and her husband, to Otway's magic power, and the force with which he drew his characters.

Supper over, Lady Gertrude retired to rest, and Miss Howard attended to see her settled for the night; it was earlier than she was herself accustomed to retire, and the cabin being extremely warm, she said she would spend some time in the stern gallery before she went to rest. Mr. Howard and Mr. Lindsey agreed to do the same, and they all went there together, walking for

some time from one end of the gallery to the other, enjoying the freshness of the open air. Mr. Howard and Mr. Lindsey sat down at one end, and Miss Howard quitting them, and going to the other, leaned over the railing. The night was lovely, the sea was now unruffled, the waves but gently rose one above another, and you could scarcely perceive that the ship held on its course. The moon was at the full, the heavens were

"Thick set with patterns of bright gold."

The great world of waters cast round a soft light, and no sound was heard but the murmuring of the waves, as the ship passed through. From the deck at intervals the watch tolled the bell. One of the crew, a good performer on the flute, and who felt that

"——Soft silence and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony,"

was now playing a sweet Italian air, that he had learnt at Naples; he played well, and in the night this music seemed divine. Caroline, lost in thought, still leaned on the railing of the stern gallery. Her heart was so much softened, that her bosom swelled, and her eyes filled with tears. Her imagination wandered to her friend Teresa, and her beloved Mother Abbess; she should never see the latter more; she wished, yet dreaded, to hear from her. She was to write her the history of her life, and it had been a wretched one; that melancholy life was near a close, and though she dreaded to hear of her dissolution, she could not wish her to live, and suffer as she did. "Never, my kind Abbess," said Caroline, half aloud, "never shall I forget you; your wise, your useful lessons are engraven on my heart; they shall govern me through life; but, alas!" added she,

"How does affection wound itself!"

and

"——How daring to be fond,
When what our fondness grasps is not immortal!"

Caroline supposed she uttered this, only to the winds and waves. She was astonished at hearing a sigh near her; and turning round, she beheld Lord William. He had something more tender and timid in his look than usual, and the night was too bright and clear, to conceal the expression painted on his face. Taking Miss Howard's hand, he said, "Excuse me for breaking in on your retirement; I thought you had entered the gallery with Mr. Howard and Mr. Lindsey; and I came to enjoy for an hour the cool air, and also the view now before us of the heavens and the ocean."

Miss Howard, gently withdrawing her hand, which Lord William still pressed

in his, and reluctantly relinquished, answered, "I came here with my father and Mr. Lindsey, for the same purpose that you have done; you see they are yonder." She made a motion to join them, when taking hold of her gown, Lord William said, "Does Miss Howard refuse me her company for a few minutes? Have I, by intruding, offended? Believe me, I did not intend listening to the tender effusions of your heart; but I could not suppress a sigh, when I heard you express such affe[illegible] some happier man; for happy, thrice happy must he [illegible], who is the subject of Miss Howard's private meditations."

Caroline could not refrain from smiling at Lord William's mistake; and it may be supposed the expression in his fine face when he addressed her, was not disagreeable in her eyes. "You have mistaken me, Lord William; I own I was in a melancholy mood, and in pri-

vate meditation, but no man upon earth was in my thoughts. The dear Mother Abbess of Santa Maria occupied them entirely: I fear I shall never see her in this world; her life must soon terminate; and I wait with sorrow for a letter I am to receive when she is no more. She has given me excellent advice for my future conduct in life, and I hope it will not be thrown away on me."—"Nothing could be thrown away on such a mind as yours," answered Lord William;

"Sweets [illegible]ted by the hand of Heaven grow there."

"Don't flatter me," returned Caro-line; "nothing has m[illegible] good Mother Abbess so guarded me against as flattery."—"Can you so little know me, Miss Howard, as to suspect me of flattery? have I so long enjoyed the happiness of your society, to appear to you in a false light? Oh! could you this moment read my heart, you would see what a place you hold in it, and that

no expression of admiration I could make use of, should be termed flattery." And taking her trembling hand, which now she had no power to withdraw, he said, "As much as I long to see my parents and my country, I dread our arrival. I shall not have the felicity of beholding you every hour in the day, of assisting you in a thousand ways, of supporting you when a sudden motion of the ship (which I have often blessed) obliged you to cling to something for protection. I shall not easily spend such an evening as the last, when Otway's enchanting language expressed the feelings of my own heart."

Caroline was silent; she was confused; she vainly attempted to withdraw her hand; without a struggle it would not be released. She hung her head, she fixed her eyes upon the waves below, and supported her trembling frame by still leaning on the railing of the stern

gallery. Lord William continued: "How unsteady is the human mind! and in an instant how it changes its wishes! I have this moment said I dread landing, and now I think I wish it. I surely shall see you in London. You, I hope, will allow me to visit you. "An involuntary motion of Caroline's head gave assent without her speaking, and he went on. "You will not then have constantly before your eyes the interesting, elegant, seducing Fitzroy." Caroline started; she instantly perceived Lord William's fear, and we leave it to our reader to judge whether she was gratified or not.

If, reader, you are accustomed to study the human heart, you will easily conceive the effect this jealousy had upon Miss Howard; it proved the sincerity of Lord William, and she would not for a moment suffer him to suppose she encouraged Fitzroy, but instantly

said, "You give high-sounding epithets to Mr. Fitzroy; he certainly is a very pleasing man, but I do not see his merits in quite so strong a light, Lord William, as you do." (A gentle pressure of the hand thanked her for this.) "We are much obliged to Mr. Fitzroy for his great attention during our voyage, and I hope he will always, when on shore, remember he has friends at my father's, that will be glad to see him; but to me he never can be more than an obliging friend."—"Is this possible, Miss Howard? have I the felicity of hearing you right? are you sincere?"—"Perfectly," replied Caroline; "you cannot surely doubt my truth?"—"Never, never: Heaven forbid I should doubt what fills my heart with transport."

Changing the conversation, Caroline said, "When you return to England, you have much happiness to expect, in

meeting with the Duke and Duchess, and your other friends. I feel a little forlorn. When I went abroad, I was too young to have friends, I had only playmates; they may have forgotten me. My beloved brother is still in India; and my grandfather, whom I so much wish to know, has never forgiven my dear mother's marriage, and I fear never will. I have no one but my parents to care for me; for Heaven knows when I shall again behold my affectionate Teresa; but I hope your brother will bring me letters from her: I shall worry him with questions, I am convinced I shall tire him to death."

Lord William instantly let go the hand he had so long pressed in his. The expression of his countenance changed from delight to sorrow. Involuntarily he shrunk into himself, and then starting back and looking at Caroline, he cried, "Tire him! tease

him with your questions! Oh, no, no! You know little of my brother."—"How can you say so, Lord William? Surely I know as much of the Marquis as I do of you; there is no one I like or admire half so much as I do him. Nothing can be so amiable or pleasing as he is, and it was truly provoking that sad Madame de Rivole's driving him from us: I hope we shall find him in London, when we get there."

Caroline might have continued her praises of Lord Beaumont for any length of time without interruption. Lord William gazed at her in silence, and with an air of sorrow and astonishment, that she did not perceive, as her face was half averted, and her eyes following the waves. At the close of her speech he sighed heavily, saying, "Happy, happy brother! to be so admired, so praised, so wished for!" Mr. Lindsey just then approached them; he was not an un-

conscious spectator of the last scene; their gestures were not lost upon him, though he had not heard, nor did he wish to hear, their conversation. He had kept Mr. Howard in chat as long as he was able. Growing late, he wished to retire, and desired Mr. Lindsey not to keep his daughter too long in the open air, lest she might take cold. On Mr. Lindsey's approach, Caroline turning to him said, "Don't you hope with us that we may meet the Marquis in England? He will not surely think of remaining long in Germany."—"I hope not," answered Mr. Lindsey; "he is a dear fellow, and I think we all miss him sadly: should you like him to bring the gentle Teresa with him to England, Miss Howard?"—"Would to Heaven he could!" replied Caroline. "Amen to that sweet prayer," cried Lord William. "Come, my fair friend," said Mr. Lindsey, "I have orders not to

keep you too long in the night air." He then took her hand to lead her to her cabin. Lord William followed to the door, wished her a good night, and returning to the stern gallery, leaning on the same spot that Caroline had occupied, he began to ruminate on what had passed, his heart full of love for Miss Howard, his feelings worked up to the highest pitch by the evening they had spent, and his soul softened by the music on the deck, by the stillness of the hour, by the murmur of the sea, and the mellow light thrown on every object by the soft luminary of night. He had not had the power to resist, in part, declaring himself to the object of his affections; he dreaded the impression Fitzroy might have made on her heart, and he could have no peace till he ascertained the truth. Miss Howard's answer had almost removed his jealousy, but she gave his heart a much

sharper pang, by her praises of the Marquis during their conversation. The idea of this dear brother had been banished from his mind; it now returned with appalling force, and he was shocked with himself, for the part he had acted towards him. He had given Caroline to his care; had freely avowed to him that his life depended on her; could he have declared his passion in stronger terms? "And what," he mentally said, "has been my conduct? I am endeavouring to supplant him in a heart, that, without my interference, would be entirely his. Does she not avow her admiration of him? Alas! would any woman, beloved by him, withhold her heart?" He felt shocked at his own indiscretion, and having said so much to Miss Howard. If he loved her, could he wish her happier tha united to such a being as Lord Bea mont? and could he be such a serp

as to destroy the peace of a brother, so dearly loved; and who had, with so open and unsuspecting a heart, confided his treasure to his care? She undoubtedly, from her conversation, looked with great partiality on the Marquis: had the same partiality fallen on Fitzroy, he could not, nor he would not, endure it; but to combat with a brother, to erect his own happiness on the ruins of his!—it must never be; he would sooner sacrifice his life.

In short, Lord William remained in the gallery more than two hours, sometimes walking with a quick pace from end to end; then stopping, and gazing on the wild sea, and the great vault above him, thinking only on Caroline, sometimes approaching the railing, and leaning over it, counting wave after wave, as they rolled beneath the vessel. When the second hour of the night was called by the watch on deck, Lord Wil-

liam started as from a disagreeable dream, and retired to his berth, positively determined in his own mind, to be more on his guard, to leave Miss Howard's heart free, to suppress every tender word he might be tempted to utter; and should she be attached to his brother, as he now began to suspect she was, he would, if it was possible for man to do it, relinquish his own peace of mind for ever, nor attempt to counteract Lord Beaumont's wishes. Long did these good resolutions possess his brain, and prevent his obtaining sleep.

Caroline passed no better night; a variety of passions prevented repose. She was sensible that Lord William, though he had not made her an absolute declaration of love, had, however, said enough to prove that she was very dear to him; and in these few words were comprised all poor Caroline's earthly happiness. She saw Lord William's

jealousy of Fitzroy, but she had not the smallest idea of the pang she had given his heart, by the praises she bestowed on the Marquis. She, for a minute, determined on telling her mother all that had passed, and how her heart was disposed in favour of Lord William; but Lady Gertrude's partiality to Fitzroy instantly suggested itself to her, and she dreaded any conversation on the subject. Besides, Lord William had not spoken sufficiently plain for her to look on him as an avowed lover. Her mind was so open, and she had been so accustomed to make her parents acquainted with all the feelings of her heart, that it was now most painful to her to conceal what passed within; yet she still dreaded speaking on the subject. Then her affectionate disposition led her into a train of thinking of her brother, her friend Teresa, and the interesting Ab-

bess. Towards daylight, she fell into a peaceful slumber; innocence was hers,

"And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams."

No sooner was it broad day, than every heart on board was cheered by a sailor from the mast-head calling out, that the coast of England was in view. The passengers met at breakfast with cheerful faces, and congratulated each other on the near prospect of seeing again their homes and their friends. In spite of all Fitzroy's efforts, a cloud sat on his brow, and his cheerfulness appeared forced.

After breakfast, Lady Gertrude and her daughter being alone in their cabin, and at work, Lady Gertrude said, though the voyage had been rendered so pleasant by the charming weather, the kindness of Captain Biron, and the gentlemanlike conduct of the officers belonging to the Tempest, she should not be

sorry to be once more on terra firma; for at the best a ship was a prison. Caroline joined her in opinion, and expressed her wish to see Rosefield again. "I am convinced," said she, "notwithstanding my eye has been so long accustomed to Italian scenery, I shall like our place as much as ever."—"I hope you will, my love," replied her mother, "while you remain with your father and me; but I flatter myself, Caroline, that will not be long, and that we shall soon have the happiness of seeing you mistress of a much superior place, and united to one who will make you as happy as your fond parents can wish." Caroline's face was a deep crimson. Her mother proceeded: "It is impossible, my child, not to see how attached Fitzroy is to you. I have no doubt he will soon declare it, at least your father and I conjecture so, and I never saw any one I should sooner wish

to call my son; he is charming, in every sense of the word. I have studied his manners and his heart, and I cannot find the least fault with either. Though I lay little stress on fortune, in comparison of real love, yet, when joined, there is certainly most chance for happiness. Mr. Fitzroy has a large fortune; is his own master; has no consent to ask. I hope I do not flatter myself with respect to him, but that such a man may fall to your lot, my beloved child."

Caroline listened to her mother; her cheek faded, her lip lost its coral hue; her needle trembled in her hand, and she was near falling to the floor. Lady Gertrude, raising her eyes from her work, saw her, and was greatly alarmed. She flew to her, took her in her arms, and asked, was she ill? Caroline said, she felt a little faint, and begged some water. Lady Gertrude gave it to her, looking agonized all the while. "Is it

what I have been saying has thrown you into this way, my child?" Poor Caroline, recovering herself, answered, "Dearest mother, don't be offended with me for differing in opinion with you, on the only subject I believe we could differ upon. I admit Mr. Fitzroy's merits as a friend, and shall like him as such; but never as a husband. I hope, sincerely hope, he has no intention of offering me his hand; prevent me, my dear mother, t[illegible] of refusing such a man; for, l[illegible] he is, I cannot love him."

This speech, delivered with much agitation, alarmed Lady Gertrude; she so greatly admired Fitzroy, that she was convinced her daughter's not seeing him in the light she did, when his attachment was so visible, and that she had passed so much time in his company, must proceed from nothing but her heart being pre-engaged. It instantly

struck her that Lord William, or his amiable brother, must be the secret object of her affection. She was terrified at the bare idea. She feared, should there even subsist a mutual passion, obstacles from the Duke and Duchess, and distresses of every kind to her daughter. She feared also the caprice of men so young, and she felt that conversing on such a subject would only give life to a smothered flame. She knew Caroli[illegible] answer all her questions, and o[illegible]heart, should she require it; but prudence dictated to her to trust to her own observation for discovering the truth, without pain or danger to her child. She only said, "Do not, my beloved, make yourself miserable for what has fallen from me. Your father and I can only seek your happiness. In marrying a man you could not love, it would be lost; and, though we may be sorry you do not see Fitzroy with our

eyes, we cannot be displeased with you. My vision is past; be assured your inclinations shall not be forced; but I recommend to you, my child, to keep a guard over your heart. So difficult to please, be careful not to lose yourself in a labyrinth, out of which you may find it most difficult to be extricated. Remember, that a match, made at the expense of peace of mind, and causing dissension in families, is rarely productive of perfect happiness. A husband, under these circumstances, must be an angel always to continue a good and tender one; and how would my Caroline feel should she be less tenderly treated than she has ever been; or should the family she entered, wish she had never been placed among them? I leave the consideration of this to your good understanding."

Caroline tenderly embraced her mother, and shewed, by this action, her

affection and gratitude; but she was not able to utter a word. In a little while, when she was composed, Lady Gertrude proposed going on deck, as she heard one of the crew say they would soon enter the English Channel. Captain Biron, who had taken pains during the voyage to shew them every thing worth notice, now entered to inform them, they might have a full view of the English coast, and giving Lady Gertrude his arm to assist her on the deck, he said, "You and your lovely daughter have made this voyage the most delightful to me that I have ever had. I despair of such another for my whole life; and if you do not allow me often to visit you when I am on shore, I shall grieve that I have ever known you. As to you, Miss Howard, you will be long remembered here, and shall always be the first toast on board the Tempest, while I command her. Here

is Fitzroy, I see him just coming to attend you on deck. I think he will join me in my last declaration." Fitzroy came, but had not heard what the Captain said; and Caroline not wishing it to be repeated, giving her hand to Fitzroy, while her inward feelings

"Varied, by turns, her cheek with white and red,"

said, she wished to see again the English shores. When they reached the deck, they encountered Lord William, but not the Lord William we saw last night in the stern gallery. He seemed thoughtful and distressed. He addressed the ladies with as much politeness as usual, but not with the same warmth. Caroline thought she had never seen him so distant, cold, and reserved. The conversation became general, and Lord William peaceably suffered Fitzroy to chiefly occupy Caroline.

As they sailed up the Channel with a fair and steady gale, Captain Biron and

Fitzroy pointed out every thing worth their noticing. Lord William was inattentive, and often fixed his eye on vacancy; at last suddenly turning to Caroline, he said, "Surely my brother will be in London when we get there; how glad I shall be to see him again!" Caroline, surprised by the sudden manner she was spoken to, only answered with a deep blush. Lady Gertrude, who was looking at her at the moment, was now convinced she knew her secret, and that Lord Beaumont was the chosen of her heart.

We shall not longer detain our readers on board the Tempest. Nothing interesting to our lovers occurred: every one was gratified in passing the Needles, and with the view they had of the beautiful Isle of Wight. At mid-day they reached Portsmouth, and every soul on board exulted in again beholding the land of liberty, where, if there is not

found that gratification of the senses that a soft southern climate affords, yet the soul breathes free, and even the lowest peasant sits him down "the monarch of his shed."

As soon as the Tempest cast anchor, Captain Biron ordered his boat to convey his friends on shore; he would not quit his ship at the moment, but promised to take a late dinner with them at Portsmouth, should they stay all night: with pleasure they agreed to do so. Mr. Fitzroy attended them on shore, and gladly accepted Mr. Howard's invitation to return with Captain Biron to dinner. Arrived at the hotel, orders were given for their journey to London at an early hour next morning.

The evening passed agreeably; and Captain Biron and Fitzroy, taking a tender leave of their friends, returned at night to their ship, saying, that in a few days they should have the felicity

of seeing them in London. Captain Biron, giving a sly glance at Fitzroy, declared he should break his heart if he did not find Miss Howard there. "I never thought," said he, "I should have had a lady on board with so few fears: I was not inattentive to you, my dear Miss Howard, in the thunder-storm, which would have thrown most young ladies into hysterics; I can swear all your fears and uneasiness proceeded from seeing your mother so ill. You would make an excellent wife to a Captain of a man of war; for when we expected an engagement, and I told you so, a few tears was all the sign you gave of terror, and I believe in my soul they were not shed for yourself." Caroline, fearful of what he might next say, answered with a smile, "I can assure you, Captain Biron, they were both for myself and every soul on board; I made no doubt of your suc-

cess, but who might be the sacrifice was dreadful to think of." Saying these last words, she encountered Lord William's eyes fixed on her with a degree of sorrow and anxiety in them that she could not comprehend, and her own were instantly cast down. The company parted with mutual good wishes and a real desire to meet again. Adieus were given not complimentary. Captain Biron and Fitzroy took to their boat, and the party in the hotel retired to their bed-rooms.

CHAP. XIII.

"Bright as the smiles of morn, fair as the first beams of the sun. The youths saw her, and loved; their souls were fixed on the maid: each loved her as his fame; each must possess her, or die; but her soul was fixed on Oscar. The son of Corah was the youth of her love." OSSIAN.

LADY Gertrude related to her husband all that had passed between her and Caroline the moment she was at leisure to do so. They both lamented that Fitzroy failed to please her; they were also fearful she might indulge a fruitless passion for the Marquis; but knowing from their own feelings, how essential real love is in the married state, to a delicate and virtuous mind, they agreed that it would be cruel to influence her with respect to Fitzroy, however they might

wish the match; and their determination was, to let every thing take its course, and, as far as they were enabled, guard their child from any misfortune unrequited love might threaten her with.

Our heroine spent a sorrowful night: Lord William's reserve and seeming coldness even at the time he paid her the utmost attention, and that she often perceived his eyes bent upon her for a long time together, pained her to the heart; and she said to herself, "He only tried how I could bear flattery; his conversation the other night was mere flirtation; and what he would use to any woman he could find alone. How very unjust I am to Fitzroy not to feel his truth, and the sincerity of his attachment to me! But to give my whole soul to one that I fear has diverted himself at my expense, and now despises me for listening to him so willingly! But from henceforth I will remember my mother's words,

and be cautious in my conduct. Would I had remained in Italy!" she cried, her heart heaving with sighs, and tears flowing from her eyes; "would that Lord William had returned to England without us, and that the peaceful convent still enclosed me! O my kind Mother Abbess, your anxiety for my future happiness as well as your consummate knowledge of the human heart, pointed out to you the wretch that love would make me. How often, in the retirement of the cloister, have you warned me to avoid the deceits of the world; but above all, to fly from the seductions of love!—Scarcely entered on the stage of that world you so feared for me, I am taught to suffer: be it so; if I must suffer, it shall be in silence; Lord William shall not have to triumph over my weakness. I will withdraw my heart, and by my conduct shew that I have never given credit to his flattery." Persuading

herself that she should succeed in treating Lord William as a common acquaintance, and determining to dress her face in smiles while her heart in agonies was the prey of unrequited passion, she sunk to rest, for innocence can sleep though oppressed with woe.

Softly quitting her chamber, let us take a peep into Lord William's bed-room, and we shall see his mind was not more calm than Miss Howard's. He reflected on his past conduct, and condemned himself: treachery to his brother rose in dread array against him. Open, candid, and depending on his honour, Lord Beaumont had not concealed his feelings from him. What had his own conduct been?—a perfect contrast; and thinking so, his generous nature was shocked; he had endeavoured to supplant his brother, had devoted his whole thoughts and time to gain Miss Howard's affections; he had been rash enough to

go to the very verge of a declaration of his passion before he could do so with honour: should his brother be rejected by Miss Howard, there could be no obstacle to his avowing that love he had felt for her even from the first moment he beheld her; it had increased every hour, it was still increasing, but he must, he would bury it deep in his heart; till a more fortunate time might occur, he would conceal it under the mask of friendship. A secret hope sprung up in his bosom, that he was not indifferent to her he so dearly loved; the thought was ecstacy, but he feared to indulge it. She had freely and without hesitation declared Fitzroy, the captivating Fitzroy, whom he had so feared, had no share in her heart; could she reject his love without having that feeling heart occupied by some dearer object? Lost in these reflections, satisfied with nothing, angry with himself, one moment

in hope, another in despair. He heard the town-clock strike a late hour; and hastily undressing, he threw himself into bed, where he could only obtain feverish and disturbed slumbers. Mr. Howard's travelling coach had been landed, and horses ordered before ten to carry them to London. When they met at breakfast, something of melancholy sat on every countenance. Lady Gertrude and Mr. Howard were uneasy on their daughter's account, and disappointed in their wishes with respect to Fitzroy. Lord William's and Miss Howard's own thoughts were sufficient to cast a cloud over them, and to constrain their manners; and Mr. Lindsey felt, on returning to his native land, that he had lost the dear object that to him had rendered it a Paradise. Breakfast was soon over, and in silence they entered the carriage; but such people could not be long together without the conversation being rendered

agreeable; and Lord William, perceiving Caroline low and thoughtful, notwithstanding all his wise resolutions, made it his whole study to watch her motions, and to amuse her for the rest of the journey. All his agreeable talents were drawn forth. He gave an account of his travels from the time they parted at Lyons, till they met again at Naples. He told so many agreeable anecdotes, described with so much drollery Madame de Rivole's conduct, and with so much taste all that he had seen worth notice, that gloom and ennui were banished, and every one listened with pleasure. Never had heappeared more charming to Caroline, who, "with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse."

"Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by, a cloud takes all away."

Mr. Howard, thinking it not prudent to get late into London, had sent to bespeak rooms at Dorant's Hotel, in Albemarle Street: they slept at ——, and arrived in town about one the next day. Mr. Lindsey and Lord William had apartments at the Duke of Cathmore's, in Grosvenor Square, and knew, that, to please the Duke, they must occupy them; he expected their coming, and they instantly set out on foot for his house. Lord William was extremely anxious to see his father and mother, and to hear something of his brother. The porter, on opening the door, expressed both surprise and delight at seeing his young Lord. He informed him, that the Duke and Duchess, not knowing what day to expect him, had gone that morning to Windsor, on a visit to Their Majesties, and would not return till the following day. "And my brother, have you heard from him? Is he well? When

does he return?"—"My Lord, he is returned, and now with His Grace at Windsor; he has been anxiously expecting your Lordship: the Marquis has been from Germany above a week."—"Well, I shall not sleep here to-night; prepare our apartments for to-morrow. What hour is my father to be in town?"—"About two, my Lord."—"Very well; we shall be here at that hour."

Lord William and Mr. Lindsey returning to Dorant's, ordered beds there for the night, and invited themselves to dine and spend the evening with the Howards. Poor Caroline's eye beamed pleasure, but she soon cast it down: another day spent with Lord William gave her a few hours more of happiness; and the expression of his meaning face, when he asked Lady Gertrude's leave to devote the day to them, gave her a faint hope, that what passed in the stern gallery of the Tempest, might have more reality

in it than she had allowed herself to believe. "Hope is the lover's staff."

The gentlemen walked about town till dinner-time, and met many of their friends in Bond Street and different parts of the metropolis. Having been so long abroad, they were astonished at their first view of London; they could scarcely conceive its growth since they quitted it; the beauty and convenience of the buildings, and the extent they run to at each extremity of the town, was matter of wonder. "So enormous and overgrown a metropolis," said Mr. Lindsey, "augurs no good to England. Would to heaven we could see gentlemen more attached to their country-seats than to London! Of what use is spending a few weeks where their property lies, and, quite weary of domestic life, returning to town, to waste their time, health, and fortune, in the pleasures and dissipation of this second Babylon?"

On returning to Albemarle Street, they found Lady Gertrude and Miss Howard perfectly recovered from their fatigue. Mr. Howard informed his wife he had been at the India House; "I think," said he, "we shall soon see Henry: ships are expected from Bengal in two months." This hope gave a look of happiness to Lady Gertrude's countenance, that delighted her husband; and the party sat down to dinner with an uncommon flow of spirits. Lord William endeavoured to banish every intruding thought, and to enjoy the present white hour: he had no rival near, and he gazed with a feeling of unutterable fondness on Caroline's brilliant but modest countenance. The roses of spring bloomed on her downy cheek. The soft lustre of her dark eye was like the full moon bursting in mild glory from a passing cloud; the vivid hue of her full lip was unrivalled: the extreme sweetness

of her countenance, that by its quick changes shewed the feelings and sensibility of her heart; her lovely bosom, whose whiteness dazzled the beholder; and her form, so graceful, so grand, so commanding, though completely devoid of haughtiness and pride; would have captivated a heart of less sensibility than Lord William's. He saw all these wonderful perfections of person, but it was her mind, her heart, her understanding, that enslaved him. Beauty alone could not have secured his heart. He said mentally,

"Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime."

Lord William had lived in great intimacy with Caroline. At Naples, he had seen her every day; his brother and he had had long and frequent walks with

her and the Baroness Teresa; they had wandered together over a wonderful country; they had visited all the "rare note-worthy objects" that Naples and its environs afforded. He had had an opportunity of discovering her taste, of knowing exactly her sentiments on almost every subject; he had been within the small confines of a ship with Caroline for two months, had there been her constant companion, had conversed with her, had read to her, not only the works of the first authors in their own country, but those of France and Italy: he had seen, that though she greatly excelled in outward accomplishments, she had not neglected the more useful studies: her friendship for Teresa, her gratitude and love for the Mother Abbess, but more charming than all, her devotion, her tender attachment to her parents, struck him with wonder and delight; and often, on seeing her anxious to ren-

der herself useful to these beloved parents, and to prevent their least wishes, has Lord William repeated to himself these lines from his most favourite bard:

"Blest is the father from whose loins you
sprung,
Blest is the mother at whose breast you hung:
Blest are the brethren who thy blood divide,
To such a miracle of charms allied:
- - - - - - - -
But blest o'er all the youth, with heavenly
charms,
Who clasps the bright perfection in his arms.
Never, I never view'd, till this blest hour,
Such finish'd grace!—I gaze, and I adore!"

Poor Lord William! he did indeed gaze and adore; his eyes were fixed on Caroline, who appeared to-day to particular advantage. Secret hope had lit up her face; she had nothing to constrain her. Fitzroy was not near to oppress her by his attentions. She was at ease, she was gay, and she could not help

thinking that Lord William appeared to be particularly happy.

At the usual time after dinner, Lady Gertrude left the gentlemen, saying, she and Caroline would have tea and coffee in the next room, and send to them when it was ready. On entering the tea-room, she recollected having a letter to write of some consequence; and desiring Caroline to stay and make tea, she went into her bed-room, as a quiet place to write in. Caroline, never idle, took a book, and sat down at the tea-table till the waiter should make his appearance with coffee.

Lord William, finding Mr. Howard and Mr. Lindsey deep in a conversation that did not interest him, and being irresistibly drawn towards our heroine, pushed his glass from him, rose, and left the room. On entering that in which Caroline was seated, he was most agreeably surprised to find her alone; and,

approaching her, his whole soul in his eyes, he seated himself close to her, and gently taking her hand, put it to his lips; then looking earnestly in her face, while he bent a little towards her, he said, "I fear I interrupt your studies, but—but—I am so fortunate—so happy to find you alone, to have one delightful moment to open my heart to you, to lay it bare to your inspection, to ask your pity, your forgiveness, for my wayward humours, for the follies I have sometimes been guilty of, while we were on our voyage—my strange ideas with respect to Fitzroy." Miss Howard, blushing, said, "Do not, Lord William, make apologies for supposed faults; I never saw any fault in you" (this she said with the utmost naïveté); "nor can I imagine what strange ideas you could have about Mr. Fitzroy."—"O Miss Howard!" cried he, looking still more intently on her face, "can you not di-

vine those sad thoughts that have been my torment on board the Tempest? Shall I tell them to you? Will you listen to what I have to say? Will you not fly me? O! dearest Miss Howard! if I dare do it, I would open my whole heart at once, and pour out the abundance of my soul."

As Lord William had uttered these words, accompanied by the most passionate gesture, a light quick step on the stairs, and through the gallery that led to the sitting-room, made them both start. Lord William sprung from the chair on which he sat, and let go Miss Howard's hand, crying, "It is my brother!" The door was instantly opened, the Marquis rushed into the room, and was soon in Lord William's arms. "Welcome, welcome to England, my dear William!" Then quick as lightning, he flew to Miss Howard, and, seizing her hand with rapture, kissed it, saying,

"Is it possible I see you more lovely than ever? that I have the felicity of again beholding you? This moment almost makes up for all those I counted as lost."

Miss Howard received the Marquis with great good-nature and civility; she seemed to look on his compliments as a matter of course, and was herself quite unembarrassed. Lord William leaned pensively against the chimney-piece. The gentlemen and Lady Gertrude, hearing of the Marquis's arrival, were anxious to see him, and hurried to the apartment. He was charmed to find Lady Gertrude so well; was kind and polite to Mr. Howard, and tenderly affectionate to Mr. Lindsey. Then approaching his brother, he took him by the arm, and drew him aside, but where they could have a full view of Caroline: "My dear William, I thank you a thousand and a thousand times; you have indeed watched over her, and brought the heavenly

creature in safety to her native soil; she is, in my opinion, infinitely more lovely than when we parted: William, you must assist me to gain her heart; did she ever speak of me? Was I missed among you? How mad I was with myself for having been tempted to leave you all! I should have laughed at Madame de Rivole's nonsense, and never relinquished my lovely Caroline's society; but you, my brother, have been constantly at her side; you have not let her forget me." Lord William answered, "We could none of us forget you, Frederick." He could scarcely find utterance for these words. Every syllable that fell from the Marquis was a dagger to his heart, and he detested himself for imposing on his generous nature. Tea being ready, they returned to the table, and the Marquis took his seat next Caroline; she entered instantly into conversation, made every possible inquiry for Teresa, and smiled

at hearing the assurances of her unchanged affection.

"Those smiles, those looks, with sweet sensation mov'd
The gazer's heart, and as he look'd he lov'd."

"Here," cried the Marquis, "here is a packet from the amiable Teresa, Miss Howard" (taking a silk letter-case from his bosom); "she entrusted it to my care, with a strict charge to give it into your own hands; for both your sakes I have worn it next my heart, and I feel myself happy in being the messenger of lines that will give you so much pleasure." Then presenting the packet, he gaily said,

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover or some captive maid:
They
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole."

All smiled at the Marquis's gallantry and liveliness, except Lord William; he tried to do so, but found the effort vain. No one perceived his embarrassment but Mr. Lindsey, who immediately asked a thousand questions concerning Baron Issindorffe and Teresa. The Marquis praised them as they deserved, declaring, had he not left such friends as the present company, his journey would have been just what he could have wished; that Teresa was an angel, and turning to Miss Howard, said, "Fresh air, change of place, and exercise, have made her a thousand times more beautiful than she appeared at Naples: she has a friendship for you almost beyond belief; she has talked to me of you for hours, and I am certain her most anxious wish is to see you again."—"Would to Heaven you had brought her to England with you!" replied Caro-

line. All laughed, and she laughed and blushed at her own speech.

Thus passed the night at Albemarle Street. Before the Marquis retired, he told Lady Gertrude the Duchess would wait on her the moment she returned to town. "You will like my mother when you know her, Lady Gertrude; she requires a little time to shew her real good qualities, but she is a sincere person, and that is saying much in the present times." Lady Gertrude replied, so well knowing the merits of Lord Beaumont and his brother, she was prepared to find their mother amiable. The Marquis bowed, and requested that he might be admitted when he called to pay his respects; the leave was granted, and he wishing the ladies a good night, left the room in high spirits. Mr. Lindsey loved him dearly, but Lord William still more; he sighed heavily, and complaining of a slight headach, retired to his chamber.

Lord William soon followed: he could not hope to see Miss Howard to-night alone; if he could do so, perhaps it would be most prudent to avoid it. His brother's words had stabbed him to the heart, he could have no doubt of his attachment, and he plainly saw in his look and manner, that he hoped to be successful. Torn with contending passions, Lord William was perfectly miserable. On the point of making a full avowal of his love, he had been interrupted by his brother's sudden appearance. Lord Beaumont had been flushed with joy and hope; his manly candid mind had no suspicion; he believed that Lord William, knowing his fond love for Caroline, had fostered it in her bosom, had watched carefully even over her thoughts, and had pointed them towards him. "What a wretch I am!" cried he; "I have deceived my brother, and now, like a midnight assassin, only

wait an opportunity to plunge a dagger in his heart. I know the violence, as well as the delicacy of his feelings; I know his ardent disposition, and that, disappointed in his love, and betrayed by me, his noble soul may sink under the shock. I have not yet made Miss Howard acquainted with my passion; I will summon courage to avoid her, I will fly her fascinating smiles, I will die sooner than be a vile dishonourable wretch." In combating his own heart, in doubt, in fear, and sometimes in hope, he spent half the night: for one instant he had a gleam of comfort; his brother had whispered him that the Duke and Duchess wished him to pay his addresses to their cousin, Lady Emily Fortescue. But, alas! what followed this communication obliterated the first hope it had inspired. "That you know, William, is impossible; yonder sits the goddess at whose shrine I bow; when

my father sees her, he must approve my choice."—" And he will approve it," said Lord William, mentally, " and she too will love such a man as Frederick; it is impossible she should be so beloved by him, and not yield him her affections; and I, unhappy I, must be the sacrifice. Losing you, Caroline, I lose myself, but I will not lose my honour. O Heaven! give me power to act the part of a brother and a friend; let me not suffer the stings of a rebuking conscience, rather

" My ill-wrought web of hated life unravel,
Which was not wove for happiness."

The agitated Lord William then threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed, and for some hours courted sleep in vain. At last it came,

" ——Nature's soft-nurse,
And steep'd his senses in forgetfulness."

CHAP. XIV.

"How near is misery to joy allied!
Nor eye, nor thought, can their extremes divide.
A moment's space is long, and lightning slow,
To Fate descending to reverse our woe,
Or blast our hopes, and all our joys o'erthrow."

Miss Howard's sensations on retiring to her chamber, were very different from those that agitated Lord William. To her, the day had passed delightfully; she had seen Lord William as happy and as agreeable as he had ever been; she had also seen him more interesting, more tender, more devoted to herself. She could not conceal from her own heart, what his looks, his manner, avowed. She saw he was on the point of declaring his attachment, when the entrance of the Marquis interrupted him.

Her heart palpitated so violently at the moment, her confusion was so great, and the delicacy of her feelings made her so much dread to hear what she most wished to be assured of, that the sudden interruption rather relieved than distressed. She doubted not but a short time would again bring about a meeting, when she might be able to hear with more composure and less agitation of mind, the offer of the only heart in the universe she wished to enslave. She regarded the Marquis as a friend, and as Lord William's brother. She admired his excellent character, his understanding, his acquirements, his strong affection for Lord William, and his gay, charming temper. But friendship was all she gave him. It was Lord William's softness, it was his love, that reached her heart; her mind was in unison with his. She rejoiced to see the Marquis again; to hear from him all she wished

respecting the young Baroness; and he, seeing her so pleased at his return, listening with such attention to his conversation, and so sweetly smiling at the compliments he paid her, augured well for himself. His ardent imagination overleaped all bounds, and he promised himself the heart and hand of his adored Caroline. Miss Howard saw nothing in his conduct, but his usual gaiety, and the delight he must feel at so recently returning to his country, and again enjoying the society of a family that adored him. If she had a wish respecting him, it was, that he should be united to her dear Teresa; for though her friend, from delicacy, had never given utterance to the feelings of her heart, Caroline, who knew to read it, suspected that Lord Beaumont was its hidden inmate, and she secretly hoped that his journey to Germany might be the means of bringing about so desirable an

union. "He cannot," thought she, "be insensible to the merits, the beauty, and the talents of my friend; seeing the Marquis every day, she will be less timid, less fearful of displaying those perfections that even her modesty cannot conceal; and knowing them both, as I do, I think it quite impossible he should be blind to them."

Miss Howard's own modesty prevented her perceiving, that her beauty and merits were the bar to the happiness she so anxiously wished for her friend. She only filled his heart; her form was ever present to him, and her voice continually sounded in his ears. He sought the company of the young Baroness; he scarcely left her side, when he could, with propriety, remain near her; but it was to talk of Caroline; of their meeting at the convent; of all that had passed in Italy; it was to feed his love by the praises that Teresa so willingly

bestowed upon her. The gentle Teresa discovered his passion for her friend, but she gave no hint. Her mind was that of an angel; innocence and purity were interwoven with her nature. Self never entered into her consideration; she devoted her whole soul to those she loved. Since she could not inspire the man she loved with a passion perfect as her own, she hoped he might succeed with the woman she thought the most perfect of her sex. "I may," cried she (while the tear rolled down her lovely cheek), "I may yet find comfort in seeing him blessed, as he must be, with Caroline Howard. In the inmost recesses of my heart, will I conceal this foolish, unrequited love; and learn submission to my wayward fate. But never will I suffer my heart to be enslaved again."

The letter Miss Howard had received from Teresa, breathed not the most distant hint of her own unfortunate at-

tachment, or of his supposed one. She sent a little journal of what had befallen her, from the day they parted. She represented the Marquis as a friend would do; no more. She mentioned having heard from Sister Agnes, that the Mother Abbess was declining fast; that she had adhered to her resolution of having no more to do with the world, or its inhabitants: but her affection for her two dear children (as she styled them) was unabated. Caroline read this letter several times with real pleasure; she looked upon herself rich in friendship and in love; and she did not doubt, when her father and mother were made acquainted by Lord William of his attachment to her, they would feel no further uneasiness from her rejection of Fitzroy. Hope comes to all —deceives—is banished—returns—and deceives again. Caroline for the moment was happy. A certainty of being

dear to Lord William, diffused over her whole form a softness, mixed with dignity, that gave to her appearance an enchantment not to be conceived. Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude could not but exult when they saw her enter the breakfast-room, in an elegant and unaffected morning dress. The looks that passed between them expressed what they felt.

Mr. Lindsey and Lord William had gone out at an early hour, leaving their compliments, and that urgent business would detain them the whole morning from their friends. When this message was delivered, Caroline felt for a moment confused and unhappy; but unwilling to encourage such folly, as she conceived it, she occupied herself in making breakfast, and reading to Lady Gertrude parts of Teresa's letter. When breakfast was about half over, the Marquis was announced; he apologized for

his intrusion; was most kindly received, and seating himself at the table, he was struck with the extreme beauty of Caroline, and his eyes were riveted on her face. She perceived it, was confused, blushed, and only looked more lovely. She had still Teresa's letter in her hand, and turned the conversation on her. Lord Beaumont praised the Baroness with great ardour, and taking the embroidered letter-case from his bosom, he said, in a lively manner, "You see, Miss Howard, how dear your friend is to me. I never shall part with this." And shewing her the initials of their names embroidered by Teresa, he pressed them to his lips, and replaced the letter-case in its former station. Caroline was pleased; she thought he had given his heart to her friend, and this gave an ease and freedom to her manner, she would not otherwise have had.

Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude also

believed the amiable Teresa had captivated Lord Beaumont. In the course of conversation, they mentioned their intention of soon returning into Hampshire, and the Marquis exclaimed, "You will not be so Gothic; you must surely stay some time in town, to shew Miss Howard the lions of her own country;" and turning to Caroline, "You know there is a ceremony a person in your rank of life must go through, before you enter the great world."—"A presentation at court," replied Lady Gertrude; "really, Lord Beaumont, I cannot think of that; you know how poor Mr. Howard is; a month or two in London would drain us of our whole year's income, and I am convinced my child could enjoy no pleasure at the chance of distressing me."—"That I am certain of, Lady Gertrude; but surely you will not run away from us so soon; at least, let Miss Howard enter

into some of the fashionable amusements. My mother will be in town to-day, and will wait on you the moment she comes. I wrote to her last night of my brother's return, whom she is extremely anxious to see again." At the mention of Lord William, Caroline's face was suffused with the deepest crimson; she pretended to look over Teresa's letter; and Lord Beaumont, whose eyes never were diverted from her, perceived it, and said, "I would give something, Miss Howard, to know what passage in that letter interests you so deeply." He said this with an archness that brought Caroline to herself, and looking at him with her soft black eyes, she replied, "Every word interests me; can you doubt it when you are so sensible of Teresa's merits, and know what a tender friendship I have for her?"—"I can never doubt the heavenly qualities of you both, or that the purest, since-

rest affection must ever exist between you."

An hour passed in conversation. Neither Mr. Lindsey nor Lord William returned. As Lady Gertrude expected the Duchess, she would not leave the hotel; and Miss Howard taking her harp, sat down to it with new delight, as she had not played since she left Naples. "There is no passion in the human soul but finds its food in music." Lord William was not absent from Miss Howard's mind during her performance; and almost without being sensible of it, she selected those pieces of music that were his favourites. Sometimes she rested her hand on her harp, and listened to the less melodious sounds in the hotel. She expected every moment to see Lord William enter; what business could have detained him and Mr. Lindsey so long? they had not mentioned last night their having any. Again she

played, she sung, she mused. No Lord William appeared; and Caroline, sick of her harp, pushed it from her, and taking up a book, tried to read. Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude were employed at the other end of the room in writing.

Caroline's mental faculties did not assist her this morning to understand even a novel, which she had taken up in the hope of amusing the present hour. In a few minutes she threw it on the table, saying, "It is really beyond me," and walked to the window. "What do you say, my dear?" asked her mother; "is that beautiful novel of Mathilde beyond your comprehension? I looked into it last night, and thought it was one you would be pleased with; Mr. Lindsey bought it for me yesterday." Caroline stammered out she believed she was not thinking of what she was saying; she had only dipped into the middle of

the book, which was always a foolish thing to do. Her father looked at her as if she had surprised him, but he had not time to speak, as a very long and loud knock announced visitors. The door of the apartment was soon opened, and the Marquis, his eyes sparkling with delight, led in his mother, followed by the Duke and Lady Emily Fortescue. Coming up to Lady Gertrude, he said, "Allow me, Madam, to present my mother to you; she wishes to thank you and Mr. Howard for the kindness you have shewn my brother and me at Naples." The Duchess, with extreme politeness and dignity, paid her compliments. The Duke made his own introduction. Lord Beaumont looked round; Caroline was still standing near a window; seeing her, he flew towards her, and seizing her hand, brought her forward, and presented her to the Duchess, who turning round from

speaking to Lady Gertrude, gave a look of the greatest astonishment and approbation, and taking Miss Howard's hand, said, she was glad to see her returned to her native country, though she could not but wonder at her being allowed to do so. This was said with a smile, in which there was a degree of archness; and our heroine thought the Duchess resembled the Marquis extremely. Lady Emily was then presented, and compliments being over, Lord Beaumont took his seat between the two young ladies, and laughed and chatted with spirit and ease. Caroline, who sat with her back to the door, often turned her head towards it. Her expectations were not answered; no Lord William came, and she had not the courage to ask the Marquis where he was.

The Duke and Duchess were sensible, and perfectly well bred. With the present company, the Duchess laid aside

those disagreeable airs she was sometimes tempted to display. The conversation was general and agreeable, and Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude were thanked in the warmest terms for their civilities to the brothers. The Duchess said, she had only seen Lord William for half an hour; he and Mr. Lindsey had some business in the city, which hurried them away. She observed Lord William appeared fatigued with his voyage, though she added, "I never saw him look so handsome; he is wonderfully improved since he went abroad." Caroline, conscious of her own telltale cheeks, addressed some question to the Marquis concerning Teresa.

It would be wearisome to repeat all the nothings that passed at such a visit; it ended with the Duke and Duchess requesting the Howards to give them the pleasure of their company that day at dinner; "You must not look upon

it," said the Duke, "as any thing but a family one; there is not a soul in town; we are here by chance; there can be little captivating in London the latter end of October."—"We shall think it," cried the Duchess, with a proud air, "a very great condescension if you come on so short an invitation; you will forgive the want of proper form, Lady Gertrude." Lady Gertrude bowed, and politely accepted the invitation; she saw in Her Grace's manner, she was a lover of forms and fashionable etiquette, and that, at the time she talked of condescension in others, she thought it was *she* that was condescending.

Lady Emily good-naturedly expressed to Miss Howard, how pleased she was, that they were to meet again in a few hours; and said, "I can assure you my cousin's and Mr. Lindsey's letters have made me well acquainted with you."

Lord Beaumont attended his mother down stairs, and then flew back to the drawing-room, where he remained till the dressing hour. He had entreated Miss Howard to sing and play for him; she attempted it, but soon set by her harp, complaining of a headach, to conceal her inward uneasiness; and by the time she retired to dress, she felt completely wretched, from Lord William's total neglect of her the whole morning. Her toilette being finished, she called at her mother's apartment, to say she was ready, and passing on to the sitting-room, took up her book, and just understood as much of it as she had done in the morning.

A little before six they left the hotel for Grosvenor Square; where, entering the magnificent drawing-room, they found the Duchess ready to receive them. The Marquis and Lady Emily were sitting together. Lady Dorothy

Barry was the only female visitor; there were some gentlemen of the Duke's acquaintance; one a general officer; another a rich old bachelor of the last century, but thinking himself an object of love to any fine young woman he should honour with his admiration. He was completely made up. His tailor had stuffed him with great cleverness. His dentist had given him very good looking teeth. His thin locks were well dressed with perfumed powder and pomatum, and a proper quantity of rouge helped to conceal the ashy paleness of his dead countenance; and his dress and appearance were such, one might well say that

"Nought about him, but himself, was old."

Such was the rich Sir John Lovemore, in his sixty-eighth year. The moment he caught a glance of Miss Howard, he was in raptures, and determined to render himself agreeable to her.

Never had Caroline looked more attractive; uneasiness of mind had given a languor to her appearance, that was in unison with the soft expression of her eyes, and did not in the least diminish her beauty. On her entrance, Lord Beaumont led her to a seat by Lady Emily, and placed himself next her. Her eyes sought Lord William in vain, and she had not the courage to ask a single question concerning him; but Lady Emily, whose heart was at perfect ease, saved her the trouble, by saying, "Pray, Marquis, will your brother honour us with his company at dinner?"—"I hope so, Lady Emily; I have not seen my brother for a moment, and can't imagine what business he and Lindsey can have in the city." Just now dinner was announced, and the Duke told the Duchess, he had that moment received a note from Lindsey, to say he and Lord William could not

dine in Grosvenor Square, but hoped to wait on them in the evening. The Duchess was disconcerted, but soon got over it, and dinner passed as it usually does in such places. The Marquis, sitting between the young ladies, divided his attentions; but there was something in his manner to Caroline unlike the freedom of his behaviour to his cousin.

The old Baronet sat opposite the young party, and often addressed his conversation across the table to them. Lady Emily quizzed him completely, and told Caroline she was certain she had robbed her of the heart of her old beau. "I had him all to myself, Miss Howard, till you came; but I find I must not enter the lists with you in any way." Lord Beaumont, who was looking at Lady Emily while she spoke, nodded his head at her, as if he would say, "You are right." She laughed, and

whispered him in a low voice, "Frederick, I believe I am right." He grew red, and whispered her, "For Heaven's sake, Emily, hold your tongue."—"And what will you give me for doing so?" "Whatever you ask."—"Well, let me think; your whole heart let it be; and if you don't keep your word, you must not depend on my silence."—"Provoking Emily!" cried the Marquis; "will you drink a glass of wine?"—"Yes, my good coz;" and still whispering him, "Your health, and every thing that can make you happy." She then ceased teasing Lord Beaumont, and talked across him to Miss Howard. Sir John surveyed this scene with great delight; he could not hear one word that was said, but he was perfectly satisfied that the Marquis was making love to Lady Emily; and then he supposed the field would be left open to him.

Lady Emily Fortescue was a very

charming and amiable young woman, niece to the Duchess, and possessed of a large fortune at her own disposal: the Duke and Duchess, and Lord Duncan, her father, wished an union to take place between her and the Marquis; they had been bred up together, and though they loved each other very sincerely as relations, they neither of them had the least wish to be more nearly connected; on the contrary, they were both determined on rejecting any proposal made for their union; but they had agreed it would be time enough to do so, when their families made the proposal. Lady Emily could not be called a beauty, as her features were by no means fine, but she had a mixture of sense and sweetness in her face, that was very captivating; she was sprightly, and extremely well educated. Her person was about the middle size, and uncommonly elegant; and every thing she

wore, by her good taste both in her choice of dress and manner of dressing, had a peculiar look, and you could not see her without saying, she was perfectly a woman of fashion.

Lady Dorothea was a spinster of forty; neither handsome nor ugly, tall and thin. She was what the world calls a good sort of woman; she never intended to be ill-natured, but she often did mischief by her wish of prying into every one's affairs. Without wanting sense, she had little prudence; was rather taciturn in a mixed company, but amply made up for it, when in private with those she called her friends, as she repeated all the stories she heard without the least scruple, or ever investigating the truth of them; and she was generally in possession of every anecdote respecting the fashionable world. She was much struck with the appearance of Lady Gertrude and Miss Howard, but she had never

heard of them in the beau monde; the Duchess had never mentioned those people to her, that she now treated with so much politeness, and Lady Dorothea could not but wonder where they came from; she was, therefore, all eye, all ear, in the hope of gratifying the insatiable curiosity that, from her constant indulgence of it, so eternally tormented her, and she found herself happy when the ladies rose from the dessert; but in the drawing-room she could not get the Duchess a moment to herself; Her Grace was employed conversing with Lady Gertrude of Naples, and obtaining from her an account of how her sons spent their time abroad.

Lady Gertrude took this opportunity to say every thing of these delightful young men that a mother could wish to hear. The Duchess, highly gratified, pressed Lady Gertrude extremely, to stay at least a few days in town, as she

was now quite at leisure to attend her to any place of amusement yet open. She called on the young people to second her; and Lady Emily, charmed with her new acquaintance, declared she should think Lady Gertrude a perfect Goth if she carried her daughter to the country, to shut her up in an old castle in Hampshire. "If you do so vile a thing, you will be besieged by the gallant Sir John Lovemore; I see he has to-day thrown off my chains to put on Miss Howard's: he is Colonel of the Militia in Hampshire; and you certainly run the chance of having your castle battered about your ears, to give freedom to your fair captive."—"That could very easily be done," replied Lady Gertrude, smiling; "my castle could not stand a long siege, I promise you; and so far from having prisons or dungeons to confine Caroline, I believe she might leap with safety from the attic story of my superb man-

sion."—"What am I to infer from all this?" answered Lady Emily, looking cunningly at Lady Gertrude. "Your motto then is, Love and a cottage."—"It is indeed, my dear Lady Emily; and I trust you will find whatever superb mansion you may inhabit, as happy as I have found my cottage." Lady Emily, taking her hand, said, with sweetness, "May I, Madam, deserve to be as happy!" Lady Gertrude could not suppress a sigh. "Who can these people be?" said Lady Dorothea to herself.

At that moment Mr. Lindsey and Lord William arrived, and approaching the Duchess, made their excuses for not coming to dinner; she answered, "Dear William, I have only seen you for a moment; this hour have I been teasing Lady Gertrude with questions respecting you and your brother, and entreating the history of your life these two years past."—"If it has been given

by Lady Gertrude, Madam, I believe it must be a very partial one, and fear I shall not do credit to it." He then paid his compliments all round, and at last sat down by Lady Emily. Miss Howard was on her other side, and Mr. Lindsey had occupied the seat near Caroline; they sat in a part of the room that was in the shade; and that it was so, was fortunate for Miss Howard, whose heart beat so violently, had there been much light, the motion would have been visible through her gown, and her colour went and came a thousand times in a minute.

Lord William looked pale and unhappy; he accosted her with politeness, as he had done his cousin, but no more. Caroline felt it. Was any thing the matter with him? had he heard any bad news? was he afraid of being attentive to her before his father and mother? These thoughts passed through her mind like

lightning. Mr. Lindsey read the bottom of her soul; and still sitting near her, endeavoured, by lively chat, to draw her from the too deep consideration of her present state and Lord William's conduct.

When the gentlemen appeared, the conversation became more general. The Duke was an agreeable man, had lived a good deal abroad, and asked his sons and Mr. Lindsey a thousand questions concerning places and people he was once well acquainted with; and he could not but exult when he saw the advantage his sons had made of their travels, and he felt proud that he had chosen his friend for their guardian on a tour so dangerous to youth. Still Lord William sat near his pretty cousin, and only answered in monosyllables to her lively questions. "His sighs rose at times in the midst of his friends, like blasts

that shake their unfrequent wings, after the stormy winds are laid."

Lord Beaumont walking round the circle, and sometimes stopping to talk with his father and the rest of the gentlemen who were standing near the fire, was not inattentive to Caroline. He approached her very often, gazed at her with admiration, and in speaking to her on the most trifling matter, his looks expressed his love. He gaily chatted with Lady Emily, when, suddenly casting a glance on his brother, he said, laying his hand on his shoulder, "My dear William, what is the matter with you? I am afraid you are not well; I am convinced you are not, you look so pale. What in the name of Heaven have you been doing with yourself this morning? We were uncomfortable without you at dinner; I appeal to Miss Howard for the truth of it: I think she should take

your absence ill, the first day she has been in this house."

Caroline did not know where she was; involuntarily she took hold of Mr. Lindsey's arm, and squeezed it hard. "It was not possible for me to come," answered Lord William; "Mr. Lindsey knows it was not."—"I certainly do know it," replied Mr. Lindsey: "I cannot, Lord William, forget the sacrifice you made by remaining with me the whole day to settle my nasty business; I should not wonder if you looked weary."—"I have a slight headach," answered Lord William, "and that is all." Caroline could not suppress a sigh, nor avoid casting a glance towards him. Their eyes met, and with a look of the deepest distress he turned his to the ground. The Marquis did not give the least attention to these looks; for at that moment he was taking Mr. Lindsey to task for not employing him as well as

his brother, on any business he could have to transact. "So, Lindsey, I must not be trusted with your secrets?" Then taking Miss Howard's hand in both his with the greatest fondness, "I hope you will punish Mr. Lindsey for his usage of me: I am convinced a frown from you will revenge me; he could not endure it."—"She could not give one," replied Mr. Lindsey, "so you must be disappointed in your vengeance."—"Well, even that I will forego, provided Miss Howard never frowns on me." And stooping towards her, he said, "Here comes Sir John Lovemore; I will allow you to kill him with a frown."—"That is quite impossible, my good coz," replied Lady Emily; "for the risible muscles of one's face must be strongly affected in looking at him; see, with what a grace he places one leg before another. The quiz is approaching, and we shall have some fun."—"Don't let us en-

counter him, Lady Emily," cried Caroline; "I cannot endure his stare, there is something in it quite offensive."—"You will be extremely pleased with it, my dear, when you have been at half a dozen London assemblies. A woman not the fashion is never stared at; the men just lift their glasses as they pass you. Were you as beautiful as an angel, and not the ton, the glass is instantly dropt, or turned to another object with a contemptuous air. You see a stare is not to be despised, and I am perfectly convinced Sir John is now meditating to make you the fashion."

No one could help laughing at what Lady Emily said. Sir John approached; she beckoned him still nearer; worried him for his inconstancy, as she called it; said, she saw very well where his eyes were directed, and made him exhibit so many grimaces, and drew him into making so many fine speeches, that she

rendered the old beau quite ridiculous. Tired of this scene, Miss Howard rose, and going to her mother, under the pretence of speaking to her, took a seat next her. Lord William's eyes followed her, but he remained as if nailed to his chair. The Marquis was in an instant at her side, and told her, if she did not object to a little music, he would order the music-room to be lighted, and they could adjourn there till supper. Miss Howard assured him she could not find courage to exhibit alone, but if he chose a little concert such as they had at Naples, she would willingly take her part.—"My father and mother doat on music, Miss Howard, and are impatient to hear the perfection of singing." Caroline could not mistake the compliment, and bowed good-humouredly. "If you so over-rate my talents, the Duchess will think them very poor indeed."—"I shall soon see if my mother's judgment

in music is as good as I have always thought it to be." Then flying to his mother, he proposed the little concert, to which she readily agreed; and the music-room being prepared, the company passed through the antechamber to it. The Marquis regulated every thing; and seeing his brother very languid, and in deep conversation with Mr. Lindsey, he approached him, saying, "My dear William, perhaps your headach will unfit you for taking a part to-night in our little concert. I am sorry I proposed music, for I fear it will not be pleasant to you; but the fact is, I only thought how much I wished my father and mother to hear Miss Howard's enchanting voice."—"My sentiments generally coincide with yours, Frederick; I also wish them to hear Miss Howard, and will bear a part while my headach will allow me."

Our party arrived at the music-room,

Lady Gertrude took her place at the piano-forte, and the little group of performers collected round her, preparing their books and tuning their instruments: the Marquis, all gaiety and ardour; Lord William's heart, as well as his eyes, heavy, and a mournful expression in his countenance. Lady Emily, though she loved music and performed a little on the piano-forte and harp, was not equal to joining in the concert. The good General would rather have heard "Britons strike home," and "God save the King," than the finest Italian air that ever was sung; and Sir John Lovemore, who declared himself a perfect connoisseur, never in his life could distinguish one tune from another. Lady Dorothea went constantly to her box at the opera, and generally to those concerts that the court attended; she could talk of the best performers, and as she took care to follow the lead of some one of real taste,

was generally very correct in her approbation of such and such singers, songs, pieces of music, &c. &c. but the finest sounds that the Banti ever drew from her harmonious bosom, never reached farther than Lady Dorothea's ears; she heard them indeed, and praised them with, "How fine! how enchanting! how wonderful!" But there their influence ended, they never reached her heart. Her taciturnity had this evening been greater than usual, though she sometimes stopped the Marquis as he passed her, to ask him about Italy, and where Miss Howard had been educated. He answered, at home, but that at Naples she had been in a convent. Here was room for speculation and much thought, and she said to herself, "It won't do; so, she is a Roman Catholic! How odd for Lady Gertrude to put her daughter into a convent! I must know all about it."

The concert began, and all the com-

pany were in raptures. The Duke and Duchess were really gratified, and declared they had never heard any thing more perfect than Miss Howard's voice and taste. "My dear mother, you know nothing of it yet," cried the Marquis; "you must hear her in a pathetic song." The Duchess advanced to the piano-forte, praised them all, and then asked for a song from Miss Howard alone, or a duett, whichever she pleased. Miss Howard answered, she would do as Her Grace wished; when Lord Beaumont, taking up one of the music-books, said, "Do, Miss Howard, sing this duett with William, you sing it enchantingly together;" and gave the book into Caroline's hand: with a smile she gave it to Lord William, to place on the music-desk: he took it, sighed heavily, and placed it as she wished. The whole audience were behind the singers, who stood on each side of Lady

Gertrude's chair, with their hands resting on the back. The duett began:

"Quel aspre cattene che sento nel cor!"

Miss Howard was to begin; she did so: Lord William took a wrong note, got completely out of tune, and was obliged to stop. Lady Gertrude, thinking his head was so bad he could not sing, stopped the accompaniment, saying, "We are all in the wrong, and must begin again." This brought Lord William to himself, and he stammered out, "I am in a terrible state for singing," giving Caroline a look that went to her heart. "If Miss Howard will pardon my mistake, I will endeavour to do better." Caroline was confused, but said, with a good deal of meaning in her face and manner, "I must forgive you a fault you acknowledge." He advanced his hand on the back of the chair, and seizing hers unseen by any one, he pressed it most tenderly, while

a tear stole down his cheek, unmarked by all but her. She trembled dreadfully; but recollecting she was in a mixed company and among strangers, she had the courage to conquer her own feelings, and to sing with such taste and pathos, that the applause was universal; for no one could hear her without being charmed. The Duchess was astonished at the progress Lord William had made in music.

Poor Lord William, the moment the duett was at an end, passed behind the company, and withdrew to the outer room, where, advancing to the fire, he leaned his head on his hand, the chimney-piece supporting his elbow. Mr. Lindsey followed him, and taking him by the arm, said, "My dear boy, remember, I beseech you, what you promised me this morning; let me have the comfort of seeing you a man in your conduct."—"My dear friend," replied

Lord William, "what I have gone through this night is beyond my strength to bear."—"Then fly from misery, I beseech you, my child; I will attend you to the world's end."—"Hush, Lindsey, some one is coming: I cannot nor I will not go to-morrow—the next day, if you like it." The Marquis was now close to them; he came with the utmost solicitude to know how his brother was. Lord William answered, much better, and that he would return to the music-room. The music had ceased, that the performers might rest themselves. Caroline and Lady Emily were sitting together: Sir John Lovemore strutted up to them, and placing himself directly before them, he stood, as he thought, in a most captivating attitude: putting out his leg (his constant practice), as if he was going to begin a minuet, pulling and settling the frill of his shirt with his right hand, and looking languishingly on Caro-

line with his dull grey eyes, he said, "Miss Howard, when I hear you sing, I am convinced that music is the food of love." Caroline was so taken up with looking at his ridiculous figure, that she gave no answer, but Lady Emily immediately said, "Slender diet, Sir John! you never could grow fat upon it."—"Fat, Lady Emily! A man of fashion could not wish to be fat; it entirely destroys the elegante of the person."—"I think it does, Sir John; a Don Quixote figure is my taste;"—and she could scarcely stifle a laugh.

Sir John did not know whether he ought to be angry or not; but he said, "Lady Emily, you are really very odd." —"Very odd indeed," cried she; "you have set me beside myself with your odd conduct here. Yesterday you were as true, I thought, and as sincere an adorer as the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure himself; and now I see where your eyes

and your compliments go; but if you are not punished, there is no revenge in woman."—"You threaten hard, my pretty cousin," said Lord Beaumont; "shall I be your champion, and enter the lists with Sir John?"—"Do, Frederick, tell him what a base man he is." —"There is no necessity for his Lordship to throw the gauntlet, Lady Emily; I yield the prize, and lay my heart at the feet of this divinity," dropping on one knee before Caroline. Lady Emily was almost convulsed with laughter; all joined her, even Lord William. Miss Howard felt confused, though she could not but be diverted with the old beau. Lady Emily ran to him, and taking him by the arm, insisted on helping him to rise; she would not quit him till he was on his feet again, and amused herself by sparring with him for half an hour.

Lady Dorothea was dying for information about the Howards; to spell, and

put together, was her delight. She thought Miss Howard the most charming creature she had ever beheld; and wishing to converse a little with her, she occupied Lady Emily's vacant seat next her. "What a droll creature, Miss Howard, Sir John is! But I am not surprised he should shew such admiration of you; Lady Emily, who for ever finds entertainment in his strange ways, will torment him about you."

Caroline smiled, saying, Lady Emily had charming spirits. "You don't seem to have very great, Miss Howard; but I suppose your living so long in a convent, with a number of stupid old nuns, made you grave. What in the name of wonder could your father lock you up in a convent for?"—"My father, Madam, never locked me up in a convent; he had a villa near Naples, and while we were there, I boarded at the convent near it, that I might there ac-

quire the accomplishments my father and mother wished."—"Accomplishments in a convent! that is quite impossible; where they are praying all day before the image of the Virgin, and all the saints of the Romish church. I suppose you were made to rise at midnight to go to mass?"—"No, Madam; I never attended at their religious ceremonies."—"Is that possible? then you are not a Roman Catholic?"—"My dear Madam, how could you suppose such a thing? you don't think my father would have sent me where any one could have power over my religious principles?"—"Well, my dear, I am quite happy you are not a Papist; I hate Papists." Caroline smiled at her liberal sentiments. "Now tell me of the Mother Abbess; I suppose she was an ugly old soul, and locked you up in your cell every night; you could not have a creature fit to speak to?"—"Your

Ladyship is really quite mistaken. The convent I was at, was a delightful residence; the dear Mother Abbess was not forty, and was one of the most beautiful and most accomplished women in Italy."—"Lord bless me! is that possible?"—"She is sister to the Duke of Parma, and lived in a court her whole life; she only admits people of rank to board there."—"O, that 's right. Had you any companions?"—"I had, Madam, one of the most delightful creatures you can imagine; the Marquis and Lord William can tell you what she is."—"I must ask them. And who sent you to this convent?"—"The Duke of Parma wrote to his sister, and recommended me to her care."—"Upon my word, you must have been very happy, while you was abroad; I don't wonder if you were sorry to return to your own country." Then beckoning Lord William to her, she said, "I am asking Miss How-

ard how she spent her time abroad, and she speaks of a convent as a delightful place; were you acquainted with her friend?"—"If you mean the Baroness Teresa, Lady Dorothea, I have the happiness of knowing her."

Lord William, while he spoke, sat down by Miss Howard; she moved a little to give him room, and their eyes encountering, they both coloured. Lady Dorothea, seeing the blush, mistook it; and believing it was the name of the young Baroness that caused it, she said, "Well, you will allow my penetration, when I tell you I have found out your secret." The blush became deeper. "So, Miss Howard is your confidant, Lord William; I see she knows all about you and the young Baroness: fie! fie! what a telltale face you have! Since I do know it, pray give me a description of her." Caroline breathed again; the beginning of Lady Dorothea's speech

had terrified her. Lord William, perceiving her mistake, determined to encourage it, as useful to him ; and taking her by the hand, said, in a loud whisper, " Dear Lady Dorothea, don't desire to know too much at once." This confirmed her in her opinion ; and seeing the Marquis advance, she calling him to her, said, " Do, my Lord, relieve my curiosity, by giving me a true and impartial account of some Baroness that I find is not indifferent to Lord William."—" Every one," answered Lord Beaumont, " must love and admire the charming Baroness Teresa ; there are three people now near you, who sincerely do so : is it not true, Miss Howard ?"—" I can vouch for it," cried Caroline. " I can vouch for one," said the satisfied spinster, winking at Lord William.

By this time, Lady Emily, having completely tired herself with quizzing

Sir John, joined the party, and drew the Marquis's and Lady Dorothea's attention to the ridiculous stories of the Baronet. Lord William could not resist whispering Caroline, "How little does the giddy world read the heart! There will be a good fabrication now of Lady Dorothea's." His fair auditor changed colour, but made no reply.

Supper was brought, and nothing remarkable occurred. The Duchess proposed a party for the play the next night, and invited Lady Gertrude and Miss Howard to her box, saying, they must see Mrs. Jordan, who was to play Viola, a part she excelled in. The brothers remembered the play at Lyons, the first day they had ever seen Miss Howard. But their retrospects produced different sensations in their bosoms. The Marquis was filled with exultation and hope; he looked forward to a happiness which he flattered himself was within his

grasp. Lord William blessed and cursed the hour, and his soul was torn with anguish and the fear of future ill.

"Hope, which cements the structure of the heart,
From his was moulder'd, and despair was lodg'd
Within the ruins."

The company broke up for the night; the Marquis gave his hand to lead Lady Gertrude to her carriage; and Lord William, taking the trembling hand of Caroline, followed: when he thought himself unseen, he raised it fondly and respectfully to his lips; then, without a word, placing her in the carriage, he returned into the house, arm in arm with his brother. "How my soul doats on that angel, William!" said the Marquis, as they entered the hall; "she was transcendent to-night; but I must be prudent about my father and mother; surely they cannot compare Emily with her; amiable girl as she is! William, you must assist me with your advice;

indeed in every way I shall want your kindness; but you are not well to-night; go to rest, I beseech you; I hope this vile headach will go off.—Good night, Lindsey" (they just met *him* on the stairs). Lord William, affectionately squeezing his brother's hand, for he could not speak to him, retired to his own apartment.

CHAP. XV.

"Our first love murder'd, is the sharpest pang
A human heart can feel."

Miss Howard's custom was to go to her mother's apartment the moment she was dressed in the morning. The day after the party at the Duke's, Lady Gertrude was alarmed at not seeing her; and, on inquiry, found she had had a bad night. Entering her chamber, she heard Caroline stir, and opening the bed-curtain, found her heavy, and complaining of a violent headach. There was light sufficient to see that her eyes were swoln and red. Lady Gertrude was miserable at this appearance of distress, but thought it most prudent not to notice it. Taking her hot and trem-

bling hand, she said, "My love, you have got cold; I trust it will be removed by a little rest, and that you will be well enough to go to the play; you must not lose seeing Mrs. Jordan, and we have but a few days to remain in London."—"Are we going into Hampshire?" asked Caroline. "I hope, my child, you won't dislike returning there; I am sorry we cannot indulge you with a longer stay in London."—"Of all things," replied Caroline, "I wish to leave it; I am anxious to see Rosefield once more." Saying this, her eyes filled with tears, and lying down in her bed, she drew the pillow almost over her face; her mother stooped to kiss her, saying, "My child, try to get some rest; I will have you called in proper time for dinner."

Lady Gertrude quitted the apartment, met her husband at breakfast, and informed him of what had passed. They

both agreed that their daughter, having had some hopes of the Marquis, finding him the destined husband of Lady Emily, was disappointed, and of course, for the present, made unhappy. They hoped, however, that Caroline had too much sense long to feel uneasy about a man, that, however charming he might be, had only a friendly affection for her; they lamented she should think of Lord Beaumont, even for a moment, as it prevented her looking on Fitzroy in the way they wished her to do; and Lady Gertrude felt much hurt that so pleasing and excellent a young man should be rejected. "My dear Gertrude, let us not be unhappy on that account," said Mr. Howard: "your own feelings will tell you, that a match without liking on both sides, is a miserable piece of business. Caroline's heart and understanding will, I think, prevent her choosing wrong. Transient likings

often cause young people of sensibility great uneasiness; they wear away if not encouraged by conversing on the subject; I would recommend silence on your part. Let things take their course. I think with you, that Fitzroy is most unexceptionable; but if Caroline cannot like him for a husband, he will not appear in that light to her."—"I cannot endure," replied Lady Gertrude, "to see her unhappy; and it is apparent to me that she is so."—"Let me beseech you, Gertrude, to suppress this uneasiness; let us be quiet spectators, and all will go well; we shall soon be at Rosefield, and Caroline will forget the Marquis."

While these amiable parents were communicating to each other their feelings respecting their child, Captain Biron and Fitzroy were announced. The meeting was mutual satisfaction to both parties. Captain Biron, after the first

compliments, looked round; and not seeing Miss Howard, said, "Where, Lady Gertrude, is my charming sailor? she has employed much of my thoughts since we parted, and if she is not in London, I will hoist sail, and be on board the Tempest before to-morrow night; for I am come to town for no earthly purpose, but to pay her a visit." —"If that is the case, Captain Biron, and that you are so anxious to see your favourite, you and Mr. Fitzroy must give us your company at an early dinner; Caroline has a cold, which I have made her nurse this morning particularly," said Lady Gertrude, laughing, "as, in spite of it, she is going this evening to the play, with the Duchess of Cathmore."—"That is just as it should be," replied the Captain; "we saw the Duchess in her carriage in Grosvenor Square—(she is my near relation, and so is pretty Lady Emily, her niece);

they made Fitzroy and me promise to meet them at the theatre, and said we should find those we liked of the party, but would not tell your names." Mr. Fitzroy then inquired for Lord William and Mr. Lindsey. "They will be with us to-night," said Lady Gertrude, "and also Lord Beaumont, the Duke's eldest son, a charming young man; the world gives him to Lady Emily, and I should think, with reason."—"If he is worthy of her, I hope he may get her," said the good Captain; "Emily is an excellent girl, as merry as you are, Fitzroy:" then turning to Lady Gertrude, "The world may make matches as it likes, but my opinion is, Emily will make her own. She is extremely rich; her heart free, if she has not lost it since I last went to sea. I know her too well to believe she will ever give her hand without it."—"I think," answered Lady Gertrude, "both heart, hand,

and fortune, will be the Marquis's, and he merits it."

In this sort of conversation they passed half an hour, and then leaving compliments for Miss Howard, they promised to return to dinner. The Marquis called soon after, but finding Miss Howard was not visible, withdrew. Neither Lord William nor Mr. Lindsey appeared at the hotel that morning.

Our heroine was still in her chamber. She had desired her maid not to disturb her till late; and if her mother inquired about her, to say she was asleep. The unhappy Caroline had retired to rest in vain; no poppies had Somnus shed over her pillow the preceding night. Her past life, short as it had been, was looked back to with sorrow, at least from the time she first saw Lord William at Lyons. She had allowed her heart to receive an impression she now feared her strength of mind could never obliterate. She

had given him her affections, without knowing she should ever meet a return; she had never even strove to combat her inclinations, flattering herself that he viewed her with partial eyes. She had not taken into account any thing against herself; she had supposed he loved her, and would avow that love. What was now his conduct after all the attention he had shewn her, and when even she believed him on the point of declaring his passion, she found all the past was mere trifling, and that, in the room of the tender affection she expected, she was treated with coldness and distance, and he shewed a manifest wish to avoid her. "Is this," she cried, "the general conduct of men? do they despise the woman they suppose attached to them? How cruel, Lord William, has your conduct been! While the amiable Fitzroy seemed to make pretension to my hand, you used every art to coun-

teract him; when you no longer fear him, you are careless of that heart you disputed. I have counteracted my parents' wishes, to give you all my love, and I also deceive them, by not suffering them to read a heart once open to their inspection." Here Caroline was greatly distressed; she felt dissatisfied with herself, and condemned her reserve, particularly with her mother.—"But I cannot," said she mentally, "I cannot now tell my dear mother what passes in my mind; it would only make her unhappy; she can neither restore my peace, nor change Lord William's sentiments."

Miss Howard had other motives for her silence, though she would not own them to herself. She thought, female delicacy forbid her avowing an affection for a man, who seemed to have only trifled with her for the amusement of his leisure hours; and she also dreaded

being urged to accept of Fitzroy. Tears, sighs, regrets, followed each other in quick succession. Conscious of Lord William's coldness and reserve, she fully persuaded herself of his want of love; but scarcely had this idea taken place, before it gave way to a more flattering one. There must be some secret cause for his conduct, that she could not fathom. What was the meaning of the tear she saw on his cheek, during their little concert? The soft pressure of her hand was not forgotten; the tender and mournful expression, visible in his eyes, indicated some inward suffering. Were this so, why did he not make her acquainted with the cause? Believing at the present moment, that there could be no misery in this world but what was occasioned by love, she persuaded herself she could endure any evil, were she secure of the heart of the man she so fondly doated on. After various strug-

gles with herself, pride came to her assistance. A consciousness of her own value shot across her mind. She was of all creatures the least vain; but she had a dignity of soul, becoming a woman in her rank of life, and so greatly endowed by nature and education. Let her internal sufferings be ever so severe (and that they would be severe, she had every reason to believe); yet she would conquer herself; she would act with delicacy; shew no resentment to Lord William, should his conduct be more cold and reserved than it was at present. She would betray no symptom of uneasiness, but treat him just as she should have done, had she never supposed him her lover. These were undoubtedly good resolutions, and we must do her the justice to say, they were sincere. Her leaving London, she looked on as a most agreeable circumstance at the present moment; and laying this flatter-

ing unction to her soul, she composed her weary frame to rest; and when her maid called her at three o'clock, she rose to dress much refreshed.

Lady Gertrude, hearing Caroline was up, was soon in her chamber, and delighted to see so visible an alteration in a few hours. She informed her who had been in the drawing-room during the morning, and that Captain Biron and Fitzroy were to dine with them, and go to the play. Caroline was pleased that the party was enlarged, as she believed it would set her more at her ease; and, to her mother's great surprise, she expressed much pleasure at the thoughts of seeing Captain Biron and Fitzroy. Lady Gertrude left her to adjust her own dress, and they soon met in the drawing-room. Caroline was afraid to ask if Lord William had called; she could not venture to pronounce his name, but carelessly said, "I suppose

Mr. Lindsey breakfasted here?"—"No, my dear," replied Mr. Howard; "I fancy my friend is much engaged in some business of his own, that no one is acquainted with but Lord William, for they are always together, and I know he could not come here this morning, for I met him in the street, and he told me so."—"Then it is business," thought Caroline, "that keeps him from me;" and she felt consoled. Captain Biron and his young friend arrived, and were both in a different way delighted at again seeing the lovely Caroline; and Captain Biron declared to her, as he had done to her mother, that he only came on a visit to her. Fitzroy had less gaiety in his manner than on shipboard; but he could never fail, at all times, to render himself agreeable.

Caroline's old custom, of wishing to see the beginning of the play, carried them to the theatre very soon after

dinner; they arrived just as the curtain drew up, and found the box quite empty; it was too early for the Duchess to come. Mr. Howard and Captain Biron took their seats in the back of the box; the ladies in the front, and Fitzroy immediately behind Miss Howard; and to be so placed was real happiness to him: when she was not too attentive to the stage, he had a thousand things to say to her, that intimated his passion, though he avoided all that could be too explicit. Fitzroy was sincerely attached; he had been wretched since they parted; he knew how greatly she must be admired, and feared losing her. Above all, he feared Lord William. The worthy Captain Biron, who was as fond of him as if he had been his son, and who was convinced Caroline would be an excellent wife, advised him to follow her to London, make his proposals, and know his fate. He appreciated the

amiable Fitzroy as he deserved, and considered that Mr. Howard must look upon him as a most desirable match for his daughter, in point of rank and fortune. He was also aware of Lady Gertrude's partiality to Fitzroy. His advice gratified the feelings of his young friend, who determined on following his plan, would the good Captain consent to accompany him; and having nothing more at heart than Fitzroy's success, Captain Biron willingly agreed to his wishes, and they soon found themselves on the road to London.

Fitzroy, now seated near Caroline, regained his usual spirits; he did not see Lord William, and that helped to raise them. Miss Howard was determined on rejecting Fitzroy, but felt pleasure at seeing a person, who, for so many weeks, had paid her the kindest attentions, and had endeavoured to prevent all her wishes. She therefore shewed

him uncommon civility; assured him she should always remember with pleasure the voyage they had had together, and the obligations she was under for his many kindnesses. This was music to Fitzroy; he trod on air; his manly cheek was suffused with a deeper flush, and his eyes beamed love and pleasure. Lady Gertrude was not sparing of her civilities, and would willingly have given up the rest of the party for the night; but in the middle of the second act, the Duchess and Lady Emily, led in by the Marquis, entered the box. The Duchess introduced Fitzroy and the Marquis to each other, and then took her seat by Lady Gertrude. Lady Emily was going to sit down by Miss Howard, when the Marquis said she must make room for him between them; she did so, and was scarcely seated, when she whispered him, "Did you ever see so fine a man as Mr. Fitzroy? My aunt introduced him to

me this morning."—"And you have thought of nothing else since, you giddy thing," replied Lord Beaumont, in a whisper. "You may believe what you please," answered Lady Emily, looking all the time at Fitzroy, who was talking to Caroline. While Mrs. Jordan was on the stage, the play was attended to; but at no other time.

The Marquis eyed Caroline attentively; he heard in the morning she had not been well, and with the greatest anxiety and ardour inquired how she now found herself; saying, if sickness could so become, and add such graces to a face, it would soon be courted. Caroline innocently smiled upon him, and, perfectly convinced he was soon to become the husband of the gay Emily, received laughing, and with ease, all the compliments he paid her. Lady Emily could easily speak to Fitzroy behind the Marquis, and often stooped towards

him, to ask him questions relating to his voyage, his residence abroad, and then how he liked Mrs. Jordan; from civility, he drew nearer to her, and chatted a good deal.

Caroline often turned her eye to the door of the box; at last it opened, and Mr. Lindsey entered, followed by Lord William looking very ill: he stopped in the door-way, and seemed as if he would retire, but Captain Biron attracting his notice, he came forward, and having expressed the pleasure he felt in again seeing him, turned to Fitzroy, welcomed him to London, and taking his place close to him, sat just behind Caroline, to whom he made his bow; turning towards him, she hoped he was free from the headach he had complained of the last night. Lord William was just going to reply, when the Marquis said, "I vow, William, I believe there is sympathy between you and Miss How-

ard; you are dying with the headach, and so is she."—"Heaven forbid!" cried Lord William, without considering what he said, "that I should be the cause of a moment's suffering to Miss Howard." Caroline's presence of mind did not forsake her; Mrs. Jordan was just coming on, and she said, "Hush, I beseech you; let me attend to the play." Her attention was secretly given to Lord William; he looked dreadfully, and she perceived, that though his eyes were fixed upon the stage, he was not attending to the performance: his sighs were heavy, and she thought he wished to suppress them. The scene in the second act between the Duke and Viola drew the attention of the party; Mrs. Jordan's perfect performance would interest less feeling hearts than were now assembled in the Duchess's box. A reader of sensibility will judge how some of the company must have been affected. Lady

Emily, even against the will of Fitzroy, contrived to keep him near her; the Marquis was under the necessity of giving her some of his conversation, and Lord William by degrees got his chair in between his brother's and Miss Howard's; he turned rather towards her, and his profound melancholy struck her extremely: his eyes were mournfully fixed on her, when the scene we have just spoken of began; and when the Duke Orsino says,

" ——But that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night,
Methought it did relieve my passion much
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times—"

Caroline's eyes met Lord William's; his were filled with tears; she cast hers down, and a blush mantled on her cheek. Orsino again says,

" ——If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me:
For such as I am, all true lovers are."

Lord William, deeply sighing, put his hand to his forehead; Caroline, more attentive to him than to the stage, asked in a low and tremulous voice, if he was not well. He, in as low and faltering accents, replied, "Well? As well as a wretch can be that sees every earthly blessing lost to him." Caroline's eyes were fixed on his face in the utmost astonishment: she was disconcerted, shocked; she endeavoured to conceal her surprise, and to appear to listen to the play. Mrs. Jordan came to that beautiful speech of Viola's:

"——She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?"

When these words were pronounced, "Was not this love indeed?" the colour forsook Miss Howard's cheek, her

lips grew pale, for she felt sick at heart; and Lord William, whose eyes were riveted on her face, perceiving it, and fearful she might faint, instantly said, "You are overcome by the heat of the house." Then turning to Fitzroy, he cried, "For Heaven's sake, Fitzroy, open the door for a little air;" and snatching Caroline's fan, he fanned her with it. His eyes lost much of their mournful cast, which was replaced by the most exquisite tenderness, and at that moment he felt a sensation of pleasure to which he had long been a stranger. Every one was alarmed at seeing Miss Howard so near fainting. Fitzroy had flown to open the box door, the Marquis pushed his chair away, and with the greatest anxiety expressed in his fine face, begged her to lean on him and his brother, and come into the air; her mother was rising to assist her, but the Duchess cried, "Pray, Lady

Gertrude, don't make yourself uneasy; the heat has oppressed your daughter; I see the roses again returning to her cheeks. Do, my dear, come and sit in the door, and you will soon throw off this faintness occasioned by the crowded house." She then desired the Marquis to place a chair in the door, for Caroline, who said, passing the Duchess and her mother, that she was now quite well. She sat down in the chair the brothers had placed for her, and they stood close to her. Fitzroy could only offer his services, for Lady Emily called to him to tell her how Miss Howard was, and again drew him to her side. Soon the attention of the party was drawn to the stage. Lord William leaned over the back of Caroline's chair, so as to speak to her without being heard by any one. When, in the play, Olivia says to Viola,

"A cyprus, not a bosom, hides my poor heart,"

he whispered Caroline, "Oh! Miss Howard, how well adapted is that sentence to me!" Caroline answered not, and as soon as the act was over, desired to return to her former seat. All her thoughts were confused. Why should Lord William talk to her in the manner he did? She had given him no cause for uneasiness; so far from it, she was fearful he had discovered her sentiments for him, and if they were what he desired, why should he be so miserable as he seemed? Trembling and inwardly agitated, she anxiously wished the curtain to drop. Lord Beaumont was tenderly attentive to her, and Fitzroy as much so as such great assiduity from others would allow him to be.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Lindsey had left the house together. Fitzroy went to ask for the carriages. The Marquis saw he would be obliged to relinquish the pleasure of attending Miss Howard,

and said to Lord William in a whisper, "You see I cannot do what I wish, I commit Miss Howard to your care."—Lord William made no answer, but gave Caroline his arm. The Marquis drew his mother's and Lady Emily's within both his; and Fitzroy, just returned, was left to conduct Lady Gertrude. When they got into the passage, it was so crowded they could scarcely proceed, and in a minute or two, Lord William and his charge were entirely separated from their party, and he was under the necessity of bringing her back to the box door, and standing in it with her, to prevent her being pushed by the crowd. This was an opportunity, that, with all Lord William's resolutions to conquer his sentiments, he could not forego; and taking the hand that was passed through his arm, and tenderly pressing it in his own, he said, "Dear Miss Howard, I believe fate has des-

tined me to spend the happiest and the most wretched moments of my life, in a playhouse."—"What do you mean?" faintly replied Caroline. "I mean, that at the theatre at Lyons I imbibed those sentiments of love and admiration, that every hour has increased till now, when in this very spot, feeling their power greater than ever, I must quit the dear object that I adore, and with her the whole happiness of my life."—"Quit! whom?" asked Caroline, withdrawing her hand. "Quit London to-morrow morning, and leave in it all that my soul holds dear on earth—honour forbids my stay:" and taking her now passive hand, in a tone of the greatest softness, and with his fine eyes swimming in tears, he added, "I should not, I think, be so completely wretched, could I hope Miss Howard would ever allow her thoughts to return one moment to the hours we have spent together, hours

that never, never can be obliterated from my lacerated heart." At these words our heroine's colourless cheek and trembling frame alarmed Lord William; she cast on him a look of the deepest distress, and but for his supporting arm, which he threw round her waist, she must have fallen against the door. "What have I done," cried he, "dearest Caroline? how am I to interpret this agitation?"—"Oh!" replied she, almost gasping for breath, but regaining her presence of mind, "put no interpretation on it, but follow the call of honour; ignorant of the necessity, I still applaud your determination." Lord William, gazing in ecstacy on her faded face and lovely form, almost sinking from his trembling grasp, was about to reply, when hearing a quick step behind him, he turned, and saw his brother and Fitzroy approaching from different parts of the passage. "For Heaven's sake,"

cried the Marquis, with terror, "has any accident happened to Miss Howard?" —"She was overcome by the crowd in the passage," returned Lord William, "and I feared she would have fainted: I beseech you, Fitzroy, get a glass of water, if possible to obtain it." Fitzroy disappeared like lightning, and the Marquis remained: Miss Howard, recovering herself, took hold of his arm, and said, "I now find myself quite well; if the passage be clear, I had best try to get to my mother."—"My brother and I can support you," said Lord Beaumont with ardour. "Lady Gertrude is waiting in her carriage at a back door; we will see you safe home. I fear, Miss Howard, you came not well to the play."—"I was not well," said she, with a smile, assumed to conceal the misery she felt. As the brothers assisted her to pass over the stage, Fitzroy met her with a glass of water, which poor Caroline gladly ac-

cepted, and carried with an unsteady hand to her lips: it relieved the great oppression she felt. They found Lady Gertrude anxiously waiting her daughter's arrival, and she entreated the gentlemen not to inform her mother she had been indisposed; they agreed only to say the crowd had blocked up the passage. "I shall only tell this fib," said the Marquis, "on condition that you allow me to see you safe home." Caroline had no power to combat his wish; all she desired, was to reach home; where, without restraint, she might indulge the feelings she found it so difficult to conceal. Fitzroy and Lord William assisted her into the carriage, wishing her and Lady Gertrude good night: poor Lord William had neither power nor time to say more; his ardent brother called to the servant not to shut the door, and jumping into the coach, he told Lady Gertrude he

would have the honour of attending her home.

The flambeaux and the linkboys' torches gave a strong light, and Caroline still beheld Lord William; Fitzroy and he were standing arm in arm, appearing to wait till the coach drove off, to depart themselves. Lord William's eyes were mournfully fixed on the carriage, and she had not the power to withdraw hers till they were out of sight. Except a monosyllable, Caroline uttered not a word, and was comparatively happy when they arrived at their hotel. Lord Beaumont, in handing the ladies out of their carriage, whispered Caroline, he trusted a good night would restore the lovely bloom of her complexion, and that in the morning he should find her free from indisposition. She thanked him in her usual sweet manner, and followed her mother into

the house: she retired as soon as possible to her own apartment.

Lady Gertrude had not been inattentive to her daughter. She feared her indisposition was in her mind; still prudence dictated her not noticing it. She thought of soon being in Hampshire, and hoped Caroline would there recover the tranquillity she so greatly grieved at seeing disturbed.

CHAP. XVI.

To give a clear idea of the characters whose history we relate, is, we think, indispensable for every author; and without taking our readers back to a former chapter, it will be impossible to elucidate the conduct of Lord William.

It must be remembered, that the night the Howards arrived in London, the Marquis of Beaumont came unexpectedly to pay his compliments to them, and interrupted a very interesting conversation between his brother and Miss Howard. All that passed that evening and the next in Grosvenor Square has been already related. We followed Caroline each night to her chamber, and there (by our art magic) entered into all

her feelings, were witness to her actions, heard every word she uttered, and made ourselves acquainted with the thoughts of her pure, unsophisticated heart. Not so with respect to Lord William; we suffered him to retire alone to his apartment the night he slept in the hotel, and, upon a cursory view, might suppose his slumbers peaceful and undisturbed. Alas! no; he was most unhappy; his situation began to be dreadful, to be more than he could bear; he was not satisfied with his own conduct; he doubted himself, and dreaded the future. His night was sleepless. Rising with the dawn, he threw his dressing-gown about him, and opening a door in his apartment, which led into Mr. Lindsey's bedroom, with a soft step he entered it. The red streaks of morning had penetrated the windows, and shewed a faint light in the apartment. Mr. Lindsey was in a sound sleep; Lord William approached

the bed, and gently withdrawing the curtain, contemplated the placid countenance of this amiable man while he slept. "Sweet," cried Lord William, "are the slumbers of a mind at peace: may yours ever be so, my revered preceptor, my amiable, my valued friend! May no rude storm disturb your evening of life! may it continue calm as that sleep you now enjoy! I will not molest you with my sorrows, or shorten your quiet repose." He was going to withdraw, when hitting his foot against a chair at the bedside, the noise awaking Mr. Lindsey, he started up, and asked who was there? Drawing back the curtain suddenly, and the light growing every moment stronger, he perceived Lord William, who now did not think of retiring, but stood by the bed with a melancholy air. "My dear boy," cried Mr. Lindsey, "what brings you here at this early hour? I fear you are not well."—"I am not indeed," he re-

plied; "but it is my mind, not my body, that suffers: I am sorry to have disturbed you, because I could not sleep myself; I will go to rest, if possible, and return to you at a more reasonable hour."—"My dear child, you shall not leave me in this state of mind; I wish for no more rest: sit down on the side of the bed; tell me what oppresses you; open your whole heart to me, I may probe it; but you are sensible, William, it will be with a gentle hand. To me you are the dearest being in this world; I have put you in the place of all that I have lost; and since the Duke committed you and your brother to my care, my woes have been lessened; I have borne the weight of life with less regret. To see you both happy and worthy men, will brighten my latter hours. Much as I love your brother (and that I do love him, you cannot doubt), yet your mind is more congenial to my own, and therefore the

bands of affection between us are closer bound. Can I serve you, William? speak to me freely; you shall find me your true friend."

Lord William, greatly touched by Mr. Lindsey's affection, pressed his hand to his heart, and more by looks than words expressed his present feelings. Mr. Lindsey was conscious that he suffered internally, and was silent, to allow him time to recover from the oppression he laboured under, hoping he would then explain in what way he could be of use to him. At length, Lord William, in a faltering voice, said, "My dear Mr. Lindsey, you who can so well read my heart, must, I think, already know my attachment to Miss Howard."—"I perceived it," replied Mr. Lindsey, "from the first hour you beheld her: I admire her beyond any girl I ever knew; and I most sincerely wish, my dear William, that I could see her your wife."—"That I fear you can never do; an insuperable

bar prevents it. I am a most unfortunate being, and have wove a web of misery for myself. My brother also loves Caroline; in the beginning of his passion he made me his confidant, he ran over all his future plans of happiness, he told me all his schemes for bringing my father and mother to consent to the match. I listened to him, trembling and in horror; let him reveal all the feelings of his heart, dwell on the anxieties, fears, and hopes of a new-born passion. At the time that I admitted of this confidence, I was silent with respect to myself, I disguised my own heart, I blinded him to the passion I felt for the same charming being. He even, at leaving Naples, committed her to my care, charged me to preserve her for him, whose life depended on her. His ardent temper pursuing one object only, was unconscious that his faithless brother pursued the same; he saw

not my anguish at the moment, but rested secure on my affection and my honour. Alas! where was my honour? where was my affection to him? my truth, my sincerity, to leave him in his error, to run the chance of destroying his peace as well as my own? Had I openly confessed the truth, had I put him on his guard by declaring how fondly I also loved, his noble nature would not have endeavoured to undermine me; we should indeed have clashed with each other, but we should, as friends, as brothers, have pursued the chase; we should have left it to Miss Howard to have made her choice, and the miserable being rejected by her, would have found some consolation in a brother's happiness. A thousand times has my perfidious tongue almost betrayed me, a thousand times have I been on the point of declaring to Caroline the passion that consumes, that unmans

me, that renders me a wretch in every way; a traitor to the best of brothers, and a villain in my own eyes."

Here Mr. Lindsey interrupted Lord William, by saying, "Have you not already declared your sentiments to Miss Howard?"—"No, not yet, though I think every action of my life, since my acquaintance with her, must have revealed them. This night I was on the point of laying my whole soul open to her, when my brother suddenly entered the room, and since then I have not seen her a moment, but in his presence."

Lord William stopped; Mr. Lindsey was silent for a few minutes, and then said, "My dear boy, you relieve me by this last communication. I see your present miserable state, and I grieve for it; let me not, however, grieve for your lost honour. We cannot retrieve the past, but every man has power over

his future actions. Your situation, I confess, is terrible; and did I not know your perfect character, your generous nature, I should despair of being able to draw you from the precipice on which you stand. But knowing what Lord William Hume is capable of, I trust to his honour, to his rectitude of mind, rather to bear the ills he has brought upon himself with patience, than by his conduct inflict them more severely on those he most loves."—

"How is it possible for me to act?" replied the agitated Lord William. "How! Avoid Miss Howard; conceal, if possible, from yourself, the wish of disclosing your love to her; make atonement to your brother by this conduct, for your endeavour to supplant him, or at least your insincerity towards him; regain your own good opinion, and your sorrows will sit lighter on your heart."—

"O my *friend*! you are too severe,

you require too much."—"I am not severe, my dear boy; I am sensible I require what, in your opinion, is almost death to grant; but I require it for your good, for your future felicity."—"Felicity! you require that I relinquish Caroline, and talk to me of felicity. If I lose her, I lose all I can conceive of happiness in this world."—"Are you," asked Mr. Lindsey gravely, "certain of losing her?" Lord William was surprised by the question, and did not know what to reply. "Whatever you may think," said Mr. Lindsey, "I do not apprehend that your losing her is a settled point; do you think Miss Howard has a heart to love?"—"I do," replied Lord William, with warmth; "I believe no one possesses more sensibility."—"And do you think the Marquis has gained her affections?"—"I don't know, I [illegible] not," stammered Lord William [illegible] ertain he has not

yet declared himself; but when he does, it is impossible she can reject him; he is so amiable, so captivating, so much every thing that such a woman as Caroline would wish to meet with in a husband."—"It does not follow, that Miss Howard will absolutely fall in love with these perfections. Every one must admire your brother; but there may be in the world a mind more congenial to her own, and a form more seducing in her eyes; she may prefer a more tender character, before the ardent one Lord Beaumont possesses. One would think a disengaged heart could not have resisted the amiable Fitzroy, and yet Caroline Howard will refuse him (I had it from her own lips), though no one thinks more highly of his merits than she does."

Lord William, with eyes less heavy, and less of des[illegible]is countenance, his arms folded [illegible]oked earnestly

on Mr. Lindsey, and, after a short pause, said, "Do you really believe all that you have uttered?"

Mr. Lindsey could not help smiling, though he sincerely pitied the poor, love-lorn Lord William; and answered, "I speak the truth, my dear boy; and if I thought you would act prudently and follow my counsel, I could give you perhaps some comfort, though it would not be wise to lay too great a stress on an old man's judgment in love matters."—"I will do all you wish; I will depend on your judgment in every thing. O! give me any counsel that will deliver me from the rack on which I am stretched." Mr. Lindsey then told him, that, from the observations he had made, he really believed Miss Howard partial to himself; that he never could see any thing in her conduct to the Marquis more than friendship; he seriously advised Lord William to avoid

her for the present; not to enter on the topic of love with her; to let the Marquis's passion take its course: his doing so, he was fully persuaded, could not hurt his cause. Miss Howard never would marry a man she did not love, or he was greatly deceived in a character he had made his particular study. He did not look on her as an ambitious woman. She would consider the man more than his rank and fortune. "Avoid her, my child; do not trust your heart, it will betray you; if she rejects your brother, you, at a proper period, may, without impropriety, avow your love: now you cannot do so; you would trample upon the heart of your brother; you would rudely tear asunder the fraternal bonds that so closely unite you, and that, when looked upon as sacred, are productive of so much happiness to the human race.

'——What so sweet,
'So beautiful on earth, and, ah! so rare,
'As kindred love, and family repose?'

Break not in upon it, my dear William, or your heart will know no peace."

Lord William, sensibly struck with all his friend had said, and secretly conceiving hope from his opinion of Miss Howard, promised to follow his advice, and act only as he directed. "Then return," said Mr. Lindsey, "to your chamber, take some repose, and instead of breakfasting with the Howards, we will go to a coffee-house, and there settle our future plans. Go, my dear boy, get some sleep, if in your power; I will call you in proper time." Lord William obeyed, kindly pressing the worthy man's hand. Returning to his chamber, he threw himself on his bed with more hope than he had risen from it, and there obtained some respite to his sorrow in a refreshing sleep, from

which Mr. Lindsey awoke him, that they might quit the hotel before the Howards were visible. He left the message already mentioned; and when they were both seated at breakfast at the Prince of Wales's Coffee-house, Conduit Street, they talked over the past; and Mr. Lindsey both comforted and encouraged his young friend, and offered to go out of town with him for some days. "Absence is your best plan," said Mr. Lindsey: "let us write a note to the Duke, and tell him I have some business to transact that requires secrecy and attention, and that you have promised to assist me. We will not dine to-day in Grosvenor Square. Let us avoid Caroline for some time; I have a cottage about twenty miles from London; we will go there."

Lord William could scarcely be brought to consent to this arrangement; at last it was compromised. Mr. Lind-

sey promised to accompany him in the evening to the Duke's, to spend the next day in London, and go to the play, where what we have related in the last chapter took pl

We have now brougl to within a few hours of his departure from London. Mr. Lindsey had every thing prepared; and as he had too much penetration to be quite deceived in what passed at the playhouse, he was determined not to leave his young friend a moment longer to himself; he returned with him to the Duke's, where they supped, and announced their intention of going to his cottage at Shooter's Hill for some days, as Mr. Lindsey's business lay in that part of the country. This gentleman took an opportunity of mentioning to the Duchess, how unwilling he was to deprive her of Lord William's company so soon after his return from abroad. The Duchess, who had lately

conceived a higher opinion of Mr. Lindsey than she had formerly honoured him with, and who saw his extreme attention to her sons, and the use he was of to th[illegible] her full approbation of [illegible]s' conduct, saying, "I am glad you have some employment for him; the air of the country will, I hope, be of use to him; he has lost his healthy appearance; I fear the confinement on board ship did not agree with him." Mr. Lindsey replied, he made no doubt the country would restore Lord William's good looks; and then took a polite leave of Her Grace, secretly rejoicing she was not very clear-sighted to what he so much wished to conceal.

The Duchess was by no means deficient in understanding or penetration, where her pride did not blind her. She thought Miss Howard the most lovely girl she had ever beheld, and was good-natured enough to have wished her the

best match in the kingdom, out of her own family. With regard to her sons, she was perfectly tranquil; they might have made love to our heroine before her eyes, and she would have supposed it mere badinage. Convinced that her sons inherited her own ideas with respect to rank and fortune, she had determined they should marry two women with titles and large fortunes, that she had selected for them. Lady Emily was destined for the Marquis, and the Duke of S——'s eldest daughter for Lord William. This young lady was not yet of an age to be married; and Her Grace's determination was, that Lord William should wait a year or two. That either of her sons should have the least wish to counteract this excellent plan, or think of a wife of less rank or fortune than those we have mentioned, never crossed her imagination. Beauty and merit weighed light in her opinion

against title and riches; and charming and amiable as Lady Gertrude was, had she not been an Earl's daughter, and had not Mr. Howard been able undoubtedly to prove his blood to be that of the Howards, their reception from the haughty Duchess would have been very different from what it now was.

Mr. Lindsey, who was sincerely attached to the good Duke, and tenderly loved his young friends, rejoiced to find their minds untainted by that pride that is not made for man; that is detestable in the sight of the Creator, and is a curse to those possessed of it, rendering them hated, feared, detested by all who surround them, and are witnesses of that selfishness, hardness of heart, and even cruelty, which such mistaken pride engenders. The Duke was free from this vice; he knew indeed the value of his exalted birth and fortune, and it rendered him the more anxious to make

himself beloved for his amiable qualities; he was kind, generous, and humane; good in every relation of life, and never could be brought to allow that rank and fashion could compensate the deformities of the mind, and he respected a really amiable character in the lowest station of life. A kind husband, though not blind to the follies of the Duchess, seeing them in the true light, he was convinced, to combat them would be of little use. From her cradle she had imbibed sentiments she could never change; he therefore allowed her to indulge her humours, while his upright heart determined his amiable sons should never be sacrificed to such vanity. He hoped they would choose well, when they chose for life; he wished their choice to fall on women they could love, and that would do them honour: but for their riches, or their having the title of Lady anything, he cared not. He

often said, "If my sons are happy, I can desire no more." The Duke's way of thinking was well known to Mr. Lindsey; he greatly applauded this amiable nobleman for it, and believed he would find a rich reward in his sons, for this tender anxiety for them, unmixed with the least selfishness on his part.

At a very early hour Mr. Lindsey and Lord William were ready to quit London; but the Marquis was in his brother's room before his departure, entreating him to finish all business as expeditiously as possible, and return to him; for he should find every thing unpleasant and dull without him; and even the delight he should feel in Miss Howard's company would have an alloy, while their separation continued. Lord William's heart smote him; he could scarcely endure the kindness of his brother; it was now his turn to hurry his departure, and, with an aching heart

and a pale countenance, taking a most affectionate leave of Lord Beaumont, he threw himself into the chaise that waited for them, followed by Mr. Lindsey. Lord William drew his hat over his eyes, leaned back in the carriage, and did not utter a single word; the good Lindsey took a book from his pocket, thinking it most prudent not to force a conversation with his loved pupil, whose internal struggle he was conscious of. The postillions rattled over the stones, and they were soon driving at a great rate on the King's Road. We shall leave them on their journey, as we don't find them in a humour to converse with us, and take a peep at our friend[illegible]marle Street.

CHAP. XVII.

"——I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valian
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him."

SHAKESPEAR.

MR. Howard, with Lady Gertrude and their daughter, had scarcely taken their seats at the breakfast-table the morning after the play, when the Marquis was announced. He came, he said, so early, particular to inquire for Miss Howard; he fl imself, her indisposition was , and his anxious eyes sought in ce a confirmation of their hope.

Caroline's coun nce was pale; her

eye looked languidly round, and had lost its animation; she spoke little, and when she was addressed by any person present, she seemed awakened from a dream, and to answer at random. She heard from the Marquis, that his brother and Mr. Lindsey had left town at an early hour, and did not intend returning to London for some time; she did not venture to make a single comment on it. Her mind was on the rack. Lord William's conduct was unaccountable to her: sensible of her attachment to him, she now accused herself of great weakness, in feeling what she did, for a man, who, at the moment he made use of language that must be construed that of love, seemed afraid openly to avow his partiality; left her unknowing of the necessity of his departure, exposed to the addresses of Fitzroy, a rival he once seemed to fear, and to the solicitations of her mother in

his favour. With a degree of resentment, mixed with tenderness, she said to herself, "I am unjust to the amiable Fitzroy; would to heaven I had the power to return his love! He never trifled with me; his conduct has been noble, open, and generous." She had scarcely conceived this wish, when she took herself severely to task for indulging it, and her tenderness for Lord William returned with double force.

After various conjectures, none of which satisfied her heart, she persuaded herself, that it must have been some very unforeseen and secret business of Mr. Lindsey's, that carried him so suddenly out of town; and his grateful and friendly attachment to that worthy man, by adding, in her opinion, to his many virtues, helped to increase her passion. Miss Howard did not differ in this way of thinking from the rest of her sex; she loved, and therefore saw every thing

in an advantageous light for the man she loved; and, if sometimes she doubted, she was the next moment displeased with herself for admitting a thought that could be injurious to an object so dear to her. In apathy on her part, and an ineffectual endeavour on the Marquis's, to entertain her, a couple of hours were spent. He at last took his leave, having engaged Lady Gertrude to spend the evening in Grosvenor Square, where the Duchess was to have a small party.

On the departure of the Marquis, Lady Gertrude proposed shopping, as she had some purchases to make before she went into Hampshire. Caroline grew sick at the idea of going into Hampshire; to leave London before Lord William returned, would be dreadful; the separation might be eternal; she might never see him more. She entreated her mother would excuse her

going out that morning, saying, she would rather trust to her taste in her little purchases, than to her own. Lady Gertrude, grieved to see her so oppressed, would not tease her, and left home without her. In Bond Street she met Fitzroy, who came to the side of her coach, saying, he was just going to pay his compliments to her and Miss Howard, and that he would still make an attempt to see the latter. "I fear," returned Lady Gertrude, "it will be in vain; she has not got rid of her head-ach, and I doubt her being visible this morning." After some little conversation, Fitzroy, hoping to meet her at Grosvenor Square in the evening, bade her farewell, and pursued his way to Albemarle Street. As Lady Gertrude supposed, Miss Howard had given orders to be denied to every one; and when poor Fitzroy could get no admittance, he sent for her maid, to inquire how she

was, and to tell her he hoped to meet her at the Duchess's in the evening. Reluctantly he left the door, yet still hoping for an opportunity, perhaps that night, of making his sentiments more fully known to her.

The evening came. What the Duchess called a small party, was, in reality, a crowded drawing-room, and Miss Howard found herself a perfect stranger to all but very few of the company. If her beauty to-night was not so brilliant as it naturally was, she lost nothing in loveliness, by her languid, blushing, and timid appearance. She was dressed with unstudied elegance, and the little vanity she seemed to feel from her extraordinary beauty, rendered it still more fascinating; she attached herself to Lady Emily, who remained near her almost the whole of the evening. This charming girl was very agreeable, and pointed out to her many public cha-

racters who were present, and gave lively and short sketches of their lives. "You are very low to-night, my dear Miss Howard, or you are not well; the latter I can scarcely imagine, when I see you look more lovely than any thing I ever beheld. At any rate," said the good-natured girl, "I will try to dissipate chagrin and sickness, and I am much mistaken if the two now approaching will not willingly assist me. I have some curious things to tell you; but my aunt beckons me, I must be gone, and leave you for a little to the care of these excellent duennas." The gay Emily flew off; the Marquis, Fitzroy, and Captain Biron, collected round Caroline, and this little party kept aloof from the rest of the company: as they were none of them fond of cards, they did not even approach the tables, and saw with pleasure the agreeable Emily return. She advised them, with the

gravest face, not to get into the magic circle from which they might never escape. "Look," cried she, "and answer me, if you think Circe's famous cup ever had greater power to change the expression of the human countenance, than those piles of cards you see on the table. Behold that unfortunate Countess; how ghastly she looks! how her pale lip quivers! tears of rage and vexation roll down her face; she has lost a large sum, I believe, to Lord Faro; his naturally dull eye now glares with delight, and streaks of red flash through his long sallow cheeks, while his feeble, emaciated hand has scarcely the power to draw the precious metal to him; see how it shakes!"—"We have seen enough of them," cried Captain Biron: "all gamesters are alike, and it is a vice scarcely ever abandoned." —"To please you, Captain Biron, we will call another subject," said Lady

Emily, curtseying to him. "Now tell me of your voyages, your 'hair-breadth 'scapes, of the anthropophagi, and men 'whose heads do grow beneath their 'shoulders.'"—"Most willingly,' replied Captain Biron, "shall I tell you

'——Of antres vast, and deserts idle,
'Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n,'

provided you promise

'To love me for the dangers I have pass'd.'"

—"I promise you," replied Lady Emily, with an arch gaiety,

"'To give you, for your pains, a world of sighs.
'If you have a friend that loves me,
'But teach him how to tell your story,
'And that shall woo me.'"

This lively sally of Lady Emily's rendered this little group as gay as possible; Miss Howard seemed to recover her spirits, and Captain Biron desired Lady Emily would remember her promise, as

he might, perhaps, some future day take her at her word. We must own she cast a timid glance towards Fitzroy, while the good Captain was speaking.

In this sort of pleasant conversation the hours flew. Fitzroy, though he was amused, felt sadly disappointed at not finding Miss Howard for one instant alone. He was determined on being explicit as soon as possible. The object of his fear was now changed; it was not Lord William, but the Marquis; he knew the world gave him to Lady Emily; but jealousy has lynx's eyes, and he discovered that, for the reputed lover of another, Lord Beaumont was much too attentive to Caroline: he did not leave her side; his conversation was chiefly directed to her, and his eyes sought no other object. With the strictest scrutiny, Fitzroy perceived nothing in Miss Howard that intimated the least pleasure at this preference; she

treated the Marquis much more as a friend than a lover; to him, her air and manner was easy and unrestrained; no blush rose on her cheek when he addressed her; nor was her eye cast down when she replied. These observations consoled Fitzroy for postponing the declaration he was so anxious to make; and notwithstanding the failure of his hopes for this night, he caught the gaiety Lady Emily inspired, and never appeared to more advantage.

"None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair;
But love will hope, where reason would despair."

For this evening the Marquis gave his whole undivided attention to our heroine; every hour his good opinion and his admiration increased, and he could no longer play a part. The Duchess's wishes in favour of her niece had little weight, and he had the pleasure of finding his cousin had no design

upon his heart. Sir John Lovemore was a great entertainment to Lady Emily. Caroline endeavoured to prevent her making the ridiculous Baronet her butt, but without success. He had too much vanity to be hurt; perfect in his own opinion, he conceived the whole world must think him so, and he made flaming and passionate love to Miss Howard.— Lady Emily now and then softly whispered him, if he persevered, he must succeed: this was enough: Sir John thought not of his age; he was determined at some future day to make Miss Howard an offer of his large fortune and his charming self; but he must wait till the town filled, and hear what the fashionable world said, and see how this phœnix was received at court; for though he thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, he could not determine on making her his wife,

unless she was decidedly the fashion: being refused, never entered his brain.

Lady Dorothea had been engaged at cards from the moment she entered: the prudent lady constantly played till she was winner one rubber, and then stopped; no one could prevail with her to touch another card for the night. She saw the agreeable group at a distance, and gave Miss Howard a familiar nod of approbation. Her table did not break up till the party was near an end; and her Ladyship then bustling through the crowd, got close to Caroline, saying, "How do you do, my dear? I am delighted to see you again: how do you like London? Those odious cards prevented my joining your charming party. Is not that Mr. Fitzroy I have heard so much of, the Earl of something's second son?—a fine young man really: so you came home in the same ship with him: it is well known how matters stand."

Then taking Miss Howard by the arm, she cried, "Do me the favour to walk a little out of this hot corner; I shall be quite grateful to you to take a turn with me through the rooms; I have not seen half the company, and there are many here I don't know."—"I thought, Madam," said Caroline, "you knew every one."—"To be sure, my dear, every one that is worth knowing, that is, all the people of fashion; but Lord, my dear, in London, many are asked to parties, merely to fill up the rooms, or to play at cards, that no one knows: no titles, and small fortunes." Caroline was secretly diverted with Lady Dorothea, and she could not help smiling at her nonsense, which her Ladyship construed into approbation. "You, dear girl," cried she, "you must tell me your secrets; I see, however, I can discover them without your assistance." Caroline blushed scarlet: "I see the

pretty dye of your cheek: well, I must allow Mr. Fitzroy is a most captivating young man; and so, on shipboard you settled the matter."—"Good heavens! Madam, what would your Ladyship insinuate?" (Caroline feared at first that Lady Dorothea had indeed discovered her secret; but Fitzroy's name agreeably undeceived her.) "I can assure you, Lady Dorothea, Mr. Fitzroy and I never settled any thing, there is nothing but friendship between us; I wish him extremely well; my father, mother, and myself received great civilities from him in our voyage, and we are grateful for his attention; there is nothing more, I can assure you with truth."—"Very well, very well; lovers are allowed to tell little falsehoods: seeing is believing; I must have my own opinion." (Caroline could not stop her.) "Though you won't tell *your* secrets to me, I shall give you some account of

the family you are so much with.—The Duchess is, without doubt, the proudest woman that ever existed (that you must see), but good in the main: the Duke goes on jog trot; he does not wish to gòvern any one, and no one can govern him: poor man! he is very good."—"He seems so indeed," replied Miss Howard; "I think I never saw a more accomplished gentleman; and Mr. Lindsey, who has been his friend his whole life, gives me such a character of him, as must make one perfectly revere him."—"O yes, that odd Mr. Lindsey, the misanthrope—yes, he has been a great friend of the Duke's; but, between you and I, he is a strange man. How came he to carry Lord William off, to stay moping in the country on his business, when his wife that is to be, is just come to London? If he had acted properly, he should have been here this evening."—"Your Ladyship surprises me: I thought Mr. Lindsey was in too

much real affliction for his wife, ever to think of marrying again; is it possible there can be any one in this room he could think of?"

Lady Dorothea looked at Miss Howard with surprise, and then took such a hearty fit of laughing, that she could not speak, but leaned her whole weight on poor Caroline's arm, who could not conceive what amused her so highly. At last the good spinster recovered her speech, which, while she continued to walk the earth, never could fail her for five minutes. "My dear, innocent child, what are you thinking of? Mr. Lindsey marry! and marry any one in this room! Were he joined to a single person we see round us, what a burlesque thing it would be! Marry! not he; who would have him, old pedant as he is?" Caroline, provoked, retorted, "Your Ladyship knows nothing of Mr. Lindsey, or you could not speak of him as

you do."—"I know as much as I desire to know, Miss Howard; but really your simplicity diverted me. I began by telling you I would enlighten you as to the secrets of this family. There is that sweet, lively Emily; she is to marry the Marquis, and a noble fortune he will get with her; but the highest rank and fortune is destined to the youngest brother:—look yonder; Lady Almeria Portman, the Duke of Stanmore's daughter, is to be the wife of Lord William; and her fortune will be immense."

A faintness came over Caroline: fortunately they were in a dark part of the room, and Lady Dorothea was so taken up with her own conversation, that she perceived not the deathlike paleness that overspread our heroine's countenance: happily, a table was at her back, against which she leaned: her heart palpitated, and she almost gasped for breath: she directed her eyes to the sofa, on which

Lady Almeria was sitting. At that moment she rose: her face was pretty, her person elegant and fashionable; but there was little sense or expression in her countenance; it wanted animation; and when she smiled, she had a childish, silly look: she was, however, handsome enough to give a severe pang to poor Caroline, who now complained of a violent headach, and told Lady Dorothea she would request her mother to carry her home, as she was quite fatigued. Her Ladyship would very willingly have detained her till she had given the history of every person in the room; but the effort was vain. Miss Howard had heard too much already, and wishing Lady Dorothea a good night, she sought her mother, who, uneasy at seeing her look so pale, begged Fitzroy to ask for her carriage, as she was certain Miss Howard was not well. "I have no doubt that eternal newsmonger has tired

and plagued her," said the Marquis. "Dear Miss Howard, why did you break up our pleasant party, to indulge that loquacious old woman in traversing the rooms with her, that she might repeat to you all the stories she invents, or adds to, of the private transactions of her friends? I detest the woman; she certainly never thinks of her own business; the concerns of her acquaintance eternally occupy her."—"Does she tell untruths?" asked Caroline, sincerely hoping to hear she did. "I think she must do so," replied the Marquis; "I don't say she absolutely means it, for she is not an ill-natured person; but she is a troublesome, and, I think a dangerous one: she does mischief without knowing it, or perhaps without intending it."

The Marquis then took Caroline's hand, to lead her to the carriage; on approaching the door of the room, she

turned, to have another look at Lady Almeria. She sighed deeply. Lord Beaumont asked her, "was she not well? you look pale, Miss Howard; I fear you are indisposed."—"No!" and she sighed again. "Don't give way to this lowness," cried he; "I cannot bear to see you thus,

"'Sighs there, and tempests here,'"

laying his hand upon his heart. Caroline, smiling, said, "I shall be quite well to-morrow."—"I trust I shall find you so," replied he, assisting her into the carriage. Fitzroy attended Lady Gertrude, and when the carriage drove away, returned to sup with the Marquis. Fitzroy wished impatiently for the next morning, that he might watch a moment to offer his hand to her, who he hoped was not unconscious she had long had his heart. Some days, however, passed in the same round of company and en-

tertainment, without Fitzroy's succeeding in his wishes.

The Marquis was now the constant companion of the Howards, and was miserable if any thing detained him from the charming Caroline; he observed her melancholy, though the most distant idea of the cause never occurred to him. Caroline in secret sighed, wept, and lamented she could not think of Lady Almeria without horror. "And does he," thought she, "prefer her to me, with whom he has lived so long; whose sentiments, disposition, and manners are familiar to him? Perhaps that is the cause that I am now neglected, I may say, forsaken. O man! man! how unstable are your wishes, how changeable your love! The fairest, the best of our sex, have only a short-lived power; even the most violent passions come to an early grave: our reign,

'The reign of roses, as splendid and as short.'"

Then recollecting herself, she repented her severe opinion of Lord William; she saw in him every amiable, every fascinating quality: perhaps he could not avoid this connexion imposed upon him by his parents: family interest might require a sacrifice. Lady Almeria was rich, handsome, and high in rank; the world talked of, and approved the match, and the world's opinion had great influence with the wisest. "I have no right," cried she, "to blame Lord William; it is my own heart I ought to regulate." After these parleys with herself, Caroline generally flew for consolation to her books, or harp. She received little instruction from her most chosen books, and music ceased to please unless she selected a plaintive, melancholy air.

One morning that Lady Gertrude was confined by a slight cold, Fitzroy found Miss Howard alone in the sitting

room. When he entered, her thoughts were at Mr. Lindsey's cottage. Conscious where they were wandering, on Fitzroy's approach she blushed, and appeared in a degree of confusion that animated his spirits, and gave him false hopes. He approached her with anxiety; with a manly tenderness and grace peculiar to himself he declared his passion, and laid his heart and fortune at her feet. Poor Caroline blushed and trembled, and withdrew her hand, which he had taken; but very soon recovering her presence of mind, she said, turning towards him her lovely eyes, "Mr. Fitzroy, I should think myself the most to blame of all human beings, if I were not perfectly explicit with you with respect to my sentiments. First let me assure you I am fully sensible of the honour you have done me; the esteem of such a man as you must be an honour to any woman. I grieve, however, that you

give me more than your esteem; you are worthy of the heart, of the whole affection, of an amiable woman. Mr. Fitzroy, cease, I beseech you, your partiality to me; I have no heart to give you." She changed colour, she looked down; he again took her hand, and entreated she would hear him. "I cannot, Mr. Fitzroy, I cannot hear more! I should use you ill, to give you the smallest hope. I esteem you, I admire your character, I know your virtues, I wish for your friendship; but, if you accept of mine, from this hour you must cease to mention love. Thank you," cried she, with quickness, "thank you for your preference, for your good opinion; tell me you will never speak of love again, and we are friends as before; otherwise, I must avoid you, I must fly your presence."

Fitzroy was confounded, distressed: he entreated to be heard—it was in vain.

He rose from his seat, he traversed the room; then stopping and looking full at her, he said, "Why did I not know my fate when we left Italy? Could I have had the smallest idea that your heart had selected the Marquis for its master, I should have been prudent, and avoided the misery I now endure." Caroline was astonished. "The Marquis, Mr. Fitzroy! the Marquis! who told you my heart had selected the Marquis for its master? I love him as a friend, no more."—"No more! Miss Howard, he adores you; is it possible you do not return his love? I will then hope. If your heart is as cold to him as it is to me, I will start from the goal with him, I will pursue every method to gain your affection, to warm that heart of ice; you shall hear every proof I can give you of my devotion, of my adoration, of my enthusiastic love.—I will

'Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
'And call upon my soul within the house;
'Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
'And sing them loud, e'en in the dead of night;
'Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
'And make the babbling gossip of the air
'Cry out, Olivia! O, you shall not rest
'Between the elements of air and earth,
'But you shall pity me.'

Miss Howard, these are lines I heard you once greatly admire; for that cause my memory has been retentive of them; they are now adapted to me."—"Good Heavens! Mr. Fitzroy, how you distress me!" And Caroline burst into tears.—Her passionate lover flew to her, entreated her pardon, again offended, and again sued to be forgiven. Caroline then, with composure and firmness, desired he would sit down by her, and listen to what she said; she asked him if he thought it fair to persecute her with a love she could not accept. "I am not, Mr. Fitzroy, a coquet; I despise

the character: I wish no lovers in my train, nor will I ever endeavour to gain the heart of any man, but him I may hereafter choose for my husband. There is no love between me and the Marquis, I give you my honour; Lady Emily is his destined wife, and I never for a moment wished it otherwise."

Fitzroy was astonished; he sat for some time, silently contemplating Caroline's changing countenance; and at last said, in a less agitated tone of voice than he had been speaking in, "I ask your pardon, Miss Howard. True affection is ever subject to jealousy. I confess to you, that on shipboard Lord William was in my eyes a dreaded rival; since my arrival in London, my fears changed their object, and that object has been the Marquis. I can never doubt your truth for an instant, and therefore must believe you have not perceived what is clear to me; that you, not Lady Emily,

are the mistress of his destiny."—"It is not possible, it cannot, it must not be so, Mr. Fitzroy; Heaven forbid there should be any cause for your suspicions! I again offer you my friendship, and entreat, if you value it, that you will desist from your pursuit of me; my happiness depends upon it:" and she stretched her hand to him in token of amity. Fitzroy took her offered hand: he was greatly affected. "Your happiness depends on me!" cried he, while tears filled his eyes. "I would give my life to make you happy. My eyes are opened; I see the truth, and all hope for me is at an end. You shall be obeyed. I will return to Portsmouth, I will try to forget you; it will be in vain—my ardent hopes are blasted. But never," said he, looking earnestly in her face, "never shall I forget my happy voyage, or the hours that I have passed in the company of an angel. If I am not the

happier for it, I trust I am the better." Then sighing deeply, he continued, "Miss Howard, the struggle is over. Oh! had I known, when I first saw you, that your affections were disposed of, I should not to-day suffer as I do. I now promise I will not disturb your quiet. Allow me, while I remain in London, to see you as a friend. Could I have gained your heart, the universe would not have contained a happier man: time may do much for me, and to it I look for comfort."—"Oh!" cried Caroline, "you merit undivided love, and you will, you must meet with it, I prophesy you will."—"Farewell, Miss Howard; farewell, dear amiable Caroline—may you be happy!" He eagerly kissed the hand he held, and rushed out of the room.

Miss Howard was deeply affected; she wept bitterly; she called herself to account for her own folly, in relinquish-

ing such a man as Fitzroy, to follow one who shunned her; but love, all-powerful love, kept his empire over her heart, and she thought the world would be poor, to sacrifice to Lord William. Could any thing have weighed with this amiable girl, it would have been her mother's wishes and opinion, which she knew were in favour of Fitzroy; but lovers are ingenious in turning every thing to their own advantage. She satisfied herself by believing her parents would, when they knew of Lord William's attentions to her (for at times she could not divest herself of the idea that he was sincere), give him the preference to all the world. Fearful, jealous, and unhappy as she was, she still hoped, and still nourished the affection that made her wretched. Here we leave poor Caroline for the present,

"Her wit with musing weak, heart sick with
thought."

CHAP. XVIII.

"Though love a fragrant couch may weave,
And fortune keep the festive board,
Still mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
And reason scorn the splendid hoard,
While she beneath the proudest dome,
Would languish for her native home."

A DAY or two had passed without any material event taking place. Miss Howard had informed her father and mother of Fitzroy's proposals, and the answer she had given; she candidly avowed the whole conversation, except what he had mentioned relative to the Marquis and his brother. She trembled at the idea he had awakened in her mind; and she cautiously avoided entering on the subject. Her fond parents were inwardly grieved at her rejection of the amiable

man they thought so worthy of her. But they tenderly told her they should put no constraint on her inclinations, and they trusted to her good sense for making a choice that would secure her happiness. Miss Howard felt abashed; she wished to lay her heart open to her mother, yet recoiled from doing so. In what light should she appear, were her tenderness known for Lord William? for a man whose conduct was so uncertain, so capricious? No; she would conceal this fatal tenderness in the inmost recesses of her heart; she would assume a cheerfulness she did not feel, the more effectually to disguise her sentiments, sentiments she blushed to harbour, without a certainty of their being returned.

Captain Biron came to take leave, and make Fitzroy's apology; as they were to return suddenly to Portsmouth, it was out of his power to command a mo-

ment. The Captain was thoughtful and grave, though polite and good-natured. Company coming in, he took his leave; but passing near Caroline, she rose to bid him farewell, when taking her hand, and drawing her towards a window, he said, "My dear young friend, farewell; though I am quite disappointed and grieved, I must ever love and admire you, and regret that I could not see you united to the man on earth I most value; I pray you may meet with such a heart as you have rejected; I do not blame you, you are an amiable creature, but I grieve for my friend."—"My dear Sir," replied Caroline, "I should be truly unhappy to think I could ever forfeit yours or Mr. Fitzroy's friendship; had I acted otherwise than I did, I should have used him ill; I know his merits, and highly esteem him; love is not in our power."—"I know it," cried Captain Biron: "God bless you; I

wish, where you have placed yours, you may meet the return you deserve." Blushes of the deepest dye overspread Miss Howard's face; Captain Biron kissed her hand, bowed, and departed. Confused, and fearing what she most wished to conceal, would, in spite of all her efforts, be exposed to public view, she withdrew to a retired part of the room to avoid conversation. The cold that Lady Gertrude had got, still confined her to the house, and Caroline would on no account leave her mother a moment. The Marquis gave them as much of his time as possible, and took every opportunity of escaping from Grosvenor Square, where the Duchess plainly intimated she wished him to spend most of the day. He brought Lady Gertrude the new publications; told her all the news; joined Caroline at her harp and piano-forte; was gay, agreeable, animated, and too attentive

and tender for our poor heroine's peace of mind. How did she praise Lady Emily, and sincerely wish him attached to her! He joined in her praises, but it was quite at his ease; he spoke of her as a relation he was fond of; but even then took care to intimate he could never choose her for his wife. Miss Howard's emotion at these conversations did not escape him, and his lively imagination construed it into a good omen for himself.

One morning a note was delivered to Lady Gertrude from a gentleman who desired the honour of waiting upon her, as he had some letters from Ireland which he was commissioned to put into her own hands. Lady Gertrude turned pale as death, and giving her husband the note, cried, "Surely my dear, dear father is not dead?"—"Dearest Gertrude, will you ever look to the worst side of things? I trust Lord Bel-

lengen is well, and that it is something agreeable this gentleman has to relate; don't be so alarmed, I will see the messenger of this note."

Mr. Howard, though he encouraged his wife, was very fearful of bad news, and left the room to conceal his own apprehensions. Meeting the waiter, he asked for the messenger who had brought the note. "I am he, Sir," replied the man; "Mr. O'Brian wrote it in that room" (pointing to a door half open), "and waits your answer there." —"Go in, and announce me," said Mr. Howard, following the waiter into the room. Mr. O'Brian rose to receive him.

Before we proceed we must introduce this gentleman to our readers. He was the very identical man who was near losing so many thousand pounds by agreeing to purchase Mr. Bellengen's estate, which he had no right to sell.

We have said before, that he was distantly related to Lord Bellengen's family, and that the Peer had written to him at the time of his brother's death. Mr. O'Brian waited on his Lordship, whom he found very ill in his bed; when he was able to discuss business, every thing was settled between them in an amicable manner; and his Lordship, finding Mr. O'Brian a most gentlemanlike, agreeable, and well-informed man, requested he would continue some time at the Castle; to this Mr. O'Brian willingly consented, as he found he might be of some use to his noble relation in the settlement of his affairs; and a few weeks rendered an object there so pleasing to him, that he scarcely looked to his own home, or if he did do so, it was to think how much more agreeable it might be rendered by a lovely and amiable companion. Mrs. Bellengen's merits were not lost on him; her tender

care of Lord Bellengen while his life was in danger, her gratitude for his protection of her and her child, her gentleness, good sense, and sweet disposition, with the pity he felt for the brutal usage she had met with, attached him to her. Delicacy would not permit his addressing her openly for some time; but Lord Bellengen knew his intentions, and gave him every encouragement by highly approving them.

The good Peer had heard of his daughter's return to England; was extremely anxious to see her, and to explain how cruelly he had been imposed upon; and, in short, to have a most perfect reconciliation with her and Mr. Howard. He knew his grand-daughter was lovely, and he had, in a moment, a thousand plans for her future settlement. Health only was wanting to complete the old Lord's happiness; but, alas! that greatest of all blessings was at this time denied him,

and his physician declared, if he attempted to stir from his own house for some time, he could not answer for his life.

Life was now of more consequence to Lord Bellengen, than it had been for years; he looked to the only real happiness on earth—domestic happiness, and being surrounded by a dear and amiable family. He forgot not that he expected his friend and Henry from the East, and he almost felt his youth renewed. Mr. O'Brian hinted that Lady Gertrude would undoubtedly fly to him the moment he should intimate a wish to see her. Lord Bellengen would not hear of this; he intended to fit up Castle Bellengen for her reception, and would himself go to England to bring her over. This was a point determined in his own mind, to which he adhered tenaciously. He would write to his daughter, but still his letter could convey no idea of the

baseness of Mr. Bellengen's conduct; and this gave him visible uneasiness. Mr. O'Brian, conscious of the hurt fretting might be to his health, kindly offered to go himself to London, and carry to Lady Gertrude all Lord Bellengen's wishes and commands. "Do go, my dear O'Brian," cried he; "this is generous, this is kind; go to my child; I will give you a letter for her; from it she may form some idea of the affection of her father's heart; but I must leave it to you to explain all that has passed during these melancholy years, in which she has been lost to me. You must also inform her of the sad conduct of that unfortunate and mistaken man, the cause of all our misery; I cannot trust myself on the subject; I cannot mention him without sorrow, bad and wicked as he was. I once loved him affectionately, and there still remains a feeling at my heart, that I shall

never shake off. When Gertrude knows all, I never will have him mentioned more."

Mr. O'Brian admired the excellent mind of his noble relation; and while he hurried to undertake a voyage and journey to gratify him, he mentally said, "How trifling are the faults of this man, compared with his virtues! how noble, how meritorious, to forgive such injuries as he has met with! May the evening of his life be as happy as he merits!"

Mr. O'Brian soon took his leave at Castle Bellengen, entreating its noble owner to keep up his interest with his fair friend during his absence. Lord Bellengen, shaking his hand, answered smiling, "O'Brian, do you think, when you are taking so much trouble for me, that I shall neglect you? Go in peace." Satisfied with this assurance, O'Brian left the Castle in high spirits. A good

voyage and pleasant journey brought him to London about an hour before he sent his note to Lady Gertrude. On Mr. Howard's entering the room where Mr. O'Brian was, he was much struck with his good-humoured, pleasing countenance; and, from the cheerfulness of his air, prognosticated good tidings. The gentlemen, once introduced to each other, soon entered into an interesting conversation; and Mr. Howard being made acquainted with the cause of Mr. O'Brian's journey, immediately carried him to his wife's apartment, and introduced him as her kinsman. "Set all your fears aside, dear Gertrude," said Mr. Howard; "Lord Bellengen is well (except having some remains of a fit of the gout), and he is all impatience to see once more his beloved child." These words were scarcely uttered, when Mr. Howard dearly repented having been so abrupt. Lady Gertrude's face

grew scarlet, and in a moment that deep hue turned to a deadly pale; she attempted to speak: her voice failed; she could only say, "My father!" when she fell back lifeless in her chair. Mr. Howard and Caroline, in the utmost terror, opened a window, and instantly procured restoratives. Mr. O'Brian was not idle; he lifted her to the air, and in a little time they brought her to herself, and her tears flowing copiously, soon relieved her. Turning with the smile of an angel towards Mr. O'Brian, she said, "I am now convinced that extreme joy affects even in a more violent degree than extreme grief." Then seeing Caroline, trembling and miserable at her fainting, she cried, "Don't be terrified, my love; you will soon see your mother in the most perfect health, for she is now completely happy."

Caroline kissed and embraced her; smiled and wept, and the astonished

O'Brian stood in wonder and admiration at so interesting a scene; he secretly wished Lord Bellengen present, to behold his lovely daughter, and her still more lovely child. Mr. Howard, too, claimed his good opinion: with all the firmness of a man, he was not ashamed of shewing a tender heart. When these amiable people were composed, Mr. O'Brian entered on his commission, and presented Lady Gertrude with her father's letter, which was short, but to the greatest degree affectionate; he referred her to his friend for all he had not the power to write; assured her he would soon be in London, and charged her not to come to Ireland, saying, he hoped to carry her there himself in triumph; he enclosed her a draught on the Bank of England for ten thousand pounds, as he was certain she and his lovely grand-daughter must want many things when in London that their pre-

sent fortune would not afford them; and he ended by saying, they should both ever be the dearest objects of his affection. The reader will easily suppose that showers of tears were shed over this letter by Lady Gertrude; but they were those of gratitude and joy, and relieved her full heart. Mr. O'Brian informed them of every particular respecting Lord Bellengen and his worthless brother, which we have already related. They were extremely shocked at the relation, and at the sad end of the man they once thought their friend; and with the most heartfelt gratitude to that Being who watches over the innocent, they humbly thanked him for the happiness they now enjoyed, and for having opened the eyes of a parent, from whom they had been so long estranged, and the loss of whose affection they had daily mourned.

Lady Gertrude anxiously pressed going instantly to her father; she dwelt with delight on her reconciliation with him; she longed to throw herself at his feet; to implore his pardon, and again receive the blessing of so dearly loved a parent. Mr. Howard did not know how to resist her wishes, but Mr. O'Brian entreated her to act according to Lord Bellengen's desire. "Write, my dear Madam," said he; "write to your father; but, for Heaven's sake, strictly obey his present injunctions. I need not surely acquaint you that that worthy, excellent man's failing is, a great degree of passion when thwarted in any of his schemes; the time of life for correcting an irritable temper is past with him, and as it is the only failing his amiable nature has, we should rather indulge and sooth, than contradict him. Excuse my giving you this advice; it is caused by my wish that you may ever keep the

first place in his heart, which I am certain you at present occupy." Lady Gertrude, sensible of Mr. O'Brian's prudence, thanked him in the most captivating manner for his friendship, and promised a perfect compliance with her father's wishes in every respect. They then proceeded to talk over all Lord Bellengen's plans, of which he had made no secret to Mr. O'Brian, who had a commission to take a handsome ready-furnished house for his Lordship in any part of London most agreeable to his daughter, and she and her family were to occupy it immediately, reserving all proper accommodation for him, when his health should allow of his joining them in London. Lady Gertrude was astonished at his being able to send her so large a sum of money, and his thinking of taking a house in London, till Mr. O'Brian informed her of his great acquisition of fortune: this was an event

truly delightful to her on her children's account, and she felt now doubly anxious for Henry's return. Mr. O'Brian smiled, saying, Henry, he believed, would shortly be in Europe, and the richest of the family. "You will soon see, Madam," said he, "a person who has transferred the affection he once had for you, to your child. Mr. Burton being a widower without children, has adopted your son; he writes to Lord Bellengen, that he now hopes to meet you and Mr. Howard as friends."—"He shall certainly find one in me," replied Mr. Howard; "I always believed him worthy, and certainly had no cause to be angry with him for admiring the woman I myself loved. I only wonder he can forgive me my success." Lady Gertrude smiled through her tears, for they still flowed; she had always had a friendship for Mr. Burton, though she rejected him as a husband. She was pleased at hearing

he had been married. Her gratitude on Henry's account, she declared must ever be that of a sister, to an affectionate brother.

There was much to talk of, much to repeat, and much to settle on both sides. Mr. O'Brian declared his intention of staying in town a fortnight, and offered his assistance in searching for a house, as he knew London perfectly. His service was accepted; and Mr. Howard requested he would make one of his family, and give them as much of his time as he could do with convenience to himself. In giving the history of the base conduct of Mr. Bellengen, Mr. O'Brian discovered his own secret. He could not mention the innocent, suffering victim of George's cruelty, but with expressions of pity and tenderness not to be mistaken; and he soon prepossessed his hearers in her favour. Lady Gertrude rejoiced that her father, while de-

prived of her attendance, had still a tender female near to minister to his wants, and sooth him in the hour of sickness.

Here we shall now leave this happy family party, immersed in business relating to the past, the present, and the future, and from an hotel change the scene to the superb morning sitting-room of the Duchess of Cathmore. Her Grace, for a woman in fashionable life, was not a very late riser; her conduct was unimpeached; she was no gamester, nor was she an extravagant person; she had good plain sense, had it not been now and then perverted by pride. She looked upon herself and her family the first of all created beings; and to match her sons to great rank and fortune, was her determination. As boys, they had been, when at home, completely governed by her; when they went abroad she could of course exercise no authority;

but on their return she quite forgot they were men, and had wills of their own; and she imagined, as she had chosen so well for them, they would acquiesce with delight in her plans. Lady Emily she invited to spend the winter with her, and took it for granted she must fall in love with the Marquis. Lady Emily had her opinions, which she as tenaciously adhered to as the Duchess did to hers; but as yet there was no occasion to divulge them. Nothing was hurried; the Marquis and his cousin were on the most friendly terms, and the Duchess was satisfied that every thing was going on as she wished. There is nothing so surely blinds as a great degree of pride; it also hardens the heart, and leaves no room for tender affections. Love was not in the Duchess's calendar; she had married the Duke because he was one; her lot had fallen, it is true, in a fair ground: the Duke was the best man in

the world; but had he not been so, the Duchess would comfortably have wrapped herself round in her ermine robe, looked at her ducal coronet with complacency, and have found consolation in the sound of Your Grace. She did not want sense, nor a tolerable degree of taste and feeling. She esteemed the Duke; she loved her sons as well as she could love any thing, but she could inflict pain without remorse, if she thought they for one moment lessened their dignity, even in trifles; and she would allow no appeal from her judgment with respect to what proper dignity consisted in.

Her Grace never took her morning's drive till about three o'clock in the day, and was generally at home to visitors from one to that hour; and her acquaintance knowing this, her apartment was considered an agreeable lounge, where you heard every thing that was worth hearing in London. The morning in

which we take a peep into it, Lady Dorothea entered a few minutes after us, and seating herself opposite the Duchess, repeated all the news she had learned at different houses the early part of the morning. Her Grace smiled, and was in reality often amused by the strange intelligence this eternal newsmonger brought her. After a short silence, Lady Dorothea began: "But, my dear Duchess, where is Lady Emily this morning?"—"I don't exactly know, Lady Dorothea; I lay no restraint on her; I dare say she will appear presently; we are going to pay some visits."—"Well, I vow, not seeing her here, I began to think she was making up a willow-garland."—"What do you mean, Lady Dorothea?" said the Duchess. "What do I mean, my dear Duchess? Why, suppose the Marquis does not see all the perfections we do, in this charming Lady Emily, don't you think she

might be inclined to wear the willow?" The Duchess laughed heartily at Lady Dorothea. "I protest, my dear Lady Dorothea, you have the most extraordinary ideas sometimes, that ever entered into any one's brain. How can you conceive the Marquis's not seeing Lady Emily as he ought to do? she is charming, all the world must allow; but were she not so, where would the Marquis find higher rank or a more noble fortune? that ought to fix him. I hope you don't take my son for a fool, that he would relinquish such a valuable prize?"—"I never took either of your sons for fools, Duchess," replied this determined gossip. "But no one can answer for the heart of a young man; it will not always submit to the guidance of a mother, and the world does not exactly see the Marquis with your eyes; it says, he will choose for himself."—"The world then is very impertinent;

it should estimate my judgment better, and be convinced, I could not choose amiss for the Marquis, indeed for either of my sons; the world will soon see, with envy, the additional lustre to our house." —"I hope so," answered Lady Dorothea; "but——" and here she paused. "But what?" said Her Grace. "Why, suppose the Marquis should think this lovely girl just come from Italy, more fascinating than Lady Emily, would not Your Grace allow the world judged right?"—"Absurd, Lady Dorothea; absurd in the greatest degree. Perhaps Miss Howard (who is really a very fine creature) is critically handsomer and more accomplished than Lady Emily; what would that signify to a man like the Marquis? he would never put her in comparison with his cousin. Miss Howard, with all her merit, is nobody; is not even known in the great world; and, I should think, has no fortune."—

"As to fortune, Duchess, I know nothing of the matter; I believe the Earl of Bellengen is a poor Peer, and certainly his title is an Irish one; Howard, indeed, has good blood in his veins."—"Yes, undoubtedly he has, Lady Dorothea; but I am satisfied my son could never think of so indifferent a match: on that subject, what the world says will give me no concern. A little time will settle both my sons to my entire satisfaction; have no uneasiness on my account, I beg. The Howards are very pleasing people, and have been very obliging in their attentions when Frederick and William were in Italy; it would be savage not to pay them some little attention here, and at this time of the year those little attentions cost nothing; there is not a soul in London."

Lady Dorothea either pretended or did believe what the Duchess said, and they parted, one to pay some visits, and

then take a drive on the King's Road; the other to flutter round the town, in hopes of news. The Duchess had persuaded herself of all she had uttered, and remained without any apprehension from the charms of Miss Howard.

Lady Emily certainly did not make her appearance during Lady Dorothea's stay; and although she was not employed weaving a willow-garland, a willow was in her mind when she thought of one who appeared to her of greater value than all the Marquises in England. Fitzroy and Captain Biron had paid their compliments at the Duke's the day they left London; every one but Lady Emily expressed concern at their quitting town so suddenly; she was silent; she smiled, we must own, and for the first time that day, when Captain Biron said, that in a short time they should again visit London, Lady Emily's eyes were involuntarily turned towards

Fitzroy, and she imagined he changed colour; why, she was at a loss to judge: but of this, gentle reader, be assured, her thoughts followed him to Portsmouth, even on board the Tempest: and at the moment the Duchess and Lady Dorothea were conversing, we verily believe they had not taken their journey home, but, like an unquiet spirit, hankered about the vessel;

> "——Now on the beak,
> Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin."

CHAP. XIX.

"Between two seas, on one small point of land,
Distress'd, confounded, and amaz'd I stand."

PRIOR.

SOME time had now elapsed since Mr. Howard's return from the continent; he had particular business in Hampshire that required his presence, and Lady Gertrude, as she could not counteract her father's wishes by going to Ireland, begged to accompany her husband into the country. The town was only beginning to fill, their daughter could lose no pleasure by leaving London at this season of the year, and they should return in time for all the spring gaiety. "We shall come back," said Mr. Howard, "just when we shall regret quitting

the country; but we must be satisfied; the world requires some sacrifice if you wish to live in it. When Caroline is married, I think, Gertrude, you and I shall have little to do with a town."

They could not, however, commence their journey till they had secured a house for Lord Bellengen. Mr. O'Brian, notwithstanding the attraction that he found in the company of his new acquaintance, cast a longing look to the coast of Erin, and willing to fulfil the wishes of his noble relation, he was indefatigable in his search for a house. Wandering through different streets in airy situations, he came to Park Lane, and seeing, at a door of a very fine mansion, an upholder that he knew, he asked him, if he could tell him of a good house in that part of London to be let. The man answered, the very house he was standing at was to be immediately let for the next six months:

he had been just carrying in the drawing-room furniture; the whole was splendidly fitted up by Lord Woodville, but having met a severe misfortune in his family, his Lordship would not come to London this year. "Walk in, Sir; you will see what a comfortable, convenient, elegant house it is; if you know any gentleman that has occasion for such a one, you will confer a favour on me by recommending this."—"Perhaps I shall take it myself," replied Mr. O'Brian. On entering, he found the house exactly what he supposed his friends would like, and instantly made an agreement for it, in Lord Bellengen's name, provided Lady Gertrude approved it. The active, good-natured O'Brian soon returned to the hotel, and carrying his friends to Park Lane, they were charmed with his attention and taste, and the next day took possession of their new mansion.

As Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude never talked of their family affairs to strangers, nothing had been said by them of the reconciliation with Lord Bellengen; their own affectionate hearts were satisfied, and Lady Gertrude had now no anxiety, no wish, but again to embrace a father she had never ceased to regret; and she rejoiced, at the close of every day, that it brought her nearer to that hour on which her imagination dwelt with so much delight. They gave a week to settling their house and establishment, and were then to go into Hampshire for a couple of months. At the Marquis's next visit they mentioned their intention; he appeared quite pleased at their plan, saying, "I am glad, Lady Gertrude, you have taken this time for your journey; my father told me to-day, that I must go immediately with him to view an estate he has near Canterbury; there is a fine old castle belonging to it,

that has been neglected, and wants repairing and furnishing; I find he intends making me a handsome present of land and a house; and I dare say we shall continue there about the same time you stay in Hampshire." Then turning to Miss Howard; "To the termination of this absence I shall look for the return of happiness; I have been too long accustomed to your society not to find myself ennuied in every other." Caroline, with a good-humoured smile, passed off the compliment; but she felt a sickness at her heart as Fitzroy's words recurred to her imagination, and intimated that a warmer feeling might be concealed under this speech.

Shortly, Lady Gertrude and her daughter took a polite leave of the Duchess and Lady Emily, who both expressed, in the most flattering manner, their hope of soon seeing them again in the metropolis. Lady Emily promised

to write Caroline all the news of London; assuring her she would endeavour to console Sir John Lovemore; "Though I despair," cried she, "of recovering my right in him, since he has seen you;" then, whispering her young friend, with her eyes half full of tears, she said, "Seriously, Miss Howard, I believe it would be impossible to gain a heart that had ever been devoted to you."—"Dear Lady Emily, you certainly are in a humour to jest, if not to quiz; but your gaiety is so charming, I forgive you." Lady Emily shook her head. "You mistake my character; I am not so giddy as I appear. When you return, we must see a great deal of each other; my aunt leaves me my mornings to myself, and I must, and will, have a lesson from you, for taking possession of hearts with such gentle force, that every one is enthralled before they are aware." Then kindly pressing her hand, she wished

her as pleasant as she could find herself in the country in the midst of winter.

The Marquis saw his friends to the last moment, and just before they parted, he asked Miss Howard, had she no kind remembrance to his brother? "We shall see William," cried he, "which is my greatest comfort in this journey; my father intends spending some days with his friend Mr. Lindsey; and expects to bring him and my brother back to town. Surely Lindsey's business must be nearly finished. I cannot bear being so long separated from a brother I love more than my life; and I think he was not well when he left town."—"Not well?" cried Caroline. "I hope——" and she faltered, "I hope that is not the case; surely he can't be ill, and not have advice?"—"He tells me in his letters," answered the Marquis, "that he is perfectly well; but I cannot help thinking he has met something to vex

him; he has not the spirits he enjoyed before we parted at Naples."

Caroline's heart palpitated; she could not venture to speak, in the fear some word would escape her, that might betray a secret she wished to conceal from the whole world, from herself if possible. A music-book happening to lie on a table close to her, she turned over the leaves with great quickness. Lord Beaumont, stopping her hand, said, smiling, "What will my brother say when I tell him that his friend Miss Howard was so busily employed reading music, she could not send him the least remembrance by me?" Poor Caroline's countenance changed; she endeavoured to smile, but she felt tears starting to her eyes; when finding it absolutely necessary to command herself, she said, "You are unjust to me, my Lord; I have the greatest esteem and friendship for Lord William; pray assure him, and

dear Mr. Lindsey, of my best regards; you can tell them both how we have missed their society."—"They will tell me they have missed yours a thousand times more," cried he: "who that has ever been admitted to it, could think any other could come in competition? But I will bring my brother back. Even in London we must resume our old delightful habits; the enchanting life we led on the coast of Naples."—"You forget, my Lord, that the scene is changed; we shall not have the same leisure for such a life, nor shall we feel the influence of that delightful climate."—"We must then invent new pleasures," cried he, with vehemence, his countenance glowing with animation. "We must live to ourselves even in the midst of London, and at least I cannot fail of being happy."—"I must bid you farewell, my Lord," returned Caroline, with confusion; "the carriage

is at the door, and my father will be impatient to set out."—"Farewell, Miss Howard. Were I not obliged to attend the Duke into Kent, I should have been tempted to force my company on Mr. Howard." Saying this, he led her to the carriage. Caroline could only bow; she had not the power to pronounce a syllable. She was relieved by Lord Beaumont's adieus to her father and mother, and Mr. O'Brian's desiring he might have the pleasure of carrying a message from her to Lord Bellengen. "I think," said he, "when I recount to him what I have been witness to, his gout even will not prevent his endeavours to gratify himself with the sight of an object formed to give him such delight." Caroline employed herself for the few minutes that remained, in sending affectionate messages to her grandfather, and in wishing Mr. O'Brian happiness. The carriage drove off. Lord Beaumont

returned to Grosvenor Square, and Mr. O'Brian to prepare for his immediate departure for Ireland.

We have been long separated from Lord William: if my fair readers are not anxious to learn something of him, I honestly confess I am; he having made a great impression on my heart. I must step after him to Shooter's Hill, where Mr. Lindsey had a delightful residence; to this spot he had induced Lord William to accompany him, and quietly to remain there. This excellent young man, sensible of his friend's real motive for all he said and did, listened with docility to his advice, and flattered himself that he should be able to follow it; he saw the misery preparing for him in his brother's attachment to Miss Howard; it was natural to suppose, when the Marquis should declare his sentiments, that such a man, and such a situation in life, would be instantly accepted by

her parents, and that she could not reject him: allow even that she was not in love, Miss Howard was too sensible, too just, not to see and own all the Marquis's merits; what then was to prevent their union? nothing. He could not hope any slight inclination she might have for him could do so. She must have felt that he paid her marked attention, and yet could his conduct have appeared to her but strange, capricious, and weak. His struggles, his fears, his sorrows, were unknown to her.

It was now the middle of winter; there was little even in the charming situation of Mr. Lindsey's place to tempt Lord William to continue almost the whole day out of doors; but his restless mind hurried him from the garden to the field, from the field to the heath. The snow was thick upon the ground; he heeded it not; he pursued his walk; it fell in flakes around him: the wind

blew cold from the north; even the beasts sought shelter; the labourer retired to his hut; the cottage doors were closed, to repel the severity of the weather; and fogs almost to be felt, came on: but in such dismal days as these, the miserable Lord William, unconscious of this dreary scene, would walk on, and in imagination retrace the walks he took in company with Caroline on the delightful shores of Naples, the conversations, the suppers, the concerts at the villa. He thought of Miss Howard's melodious voice, of the dulcet sounds she drew from her harp:

> "How sweetly did they float upon the wings
> Of silence, through the empty vaulted night!"

He thought he heard them still, so strong was the impression they had made upon his senses. Then her beauty, her graceful form, the heavenly expression of her face—he asked himself, could he ever hope to see any thing to equal it?

Yet he believed all this he could relinquish, were he not enslaved by her mind. When he considered her character, so soft, so unassuming; with such sense, such delicate and unaffected feeling, ever endeavouring to make the happiness of others; so little proud of her wonderful beauty or her accomplishments, and thinking only of rendering herself beloved by her conduct, he said, "It is impossible I can resign the hope of making such a woman mine for life. Has she not rejected all the amiable Fitzroy's attentions? have I not a thousand times flattered myself that I was not indifferent to her? has not a look, a motion, a single word, often unveiled that innocent, artless heart, when I have dreaded to take advantage of what, at the moment, intoxicated me with hope? Oh, yes! A brother's groans, a brother's agonies, must have mingled with my sighs of love. They appalled me;

they quickly banished the bewitching hope that was taking possession of my breast."

Thus would Lord William converse with himself, and still wander over the dreary heath; nor did he, perhaps, consider at the moment, or feel, that the rain has poured in torrents, and that the country appeared an unbounded waste of snow, now blackened, and rendered a thousand times more dismal by the heavy clouds and the descending sleet. He would again resume his soliloquy: "Why, why was I mad enough to draw Frederick's attention to that angel? I supposed him occupied by the coquetry of Madame de Rivole; and my foolish heart, not satisfied with the homage it paid, called on his to do the same. Fool, fool that I have been!—I called his attention from that flirt at Lyons, to fix it on the divine object that had enthralled me. But I deserve my fate. I

concealed, I hid my heart from a brother, with whom I should have used no deceit. Had I been honest, been open with him, I had had nothing to fear. The first to own a passion for Caroline, he would have respected it. Worlds could not tempt his noble nature to act unjustly: had I been sincere with him, all had been well.

'Sincerity, thou first of virtues,
'Let no mortal leave thy onward path,
'Though from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
'To take dissimulation's winding way.'"

Often would Mr. Lindsey pursue Lord William, find him in these moods, and lure him back to the house. Many were their interesting conversations, when Mr. Lindsey soothed and comforted him, by holding up to view a brighter prospect than the unhappy Lord William could persuade himself would ever be realized. His friend succeeded in convincing him, that absence and occupa-

tion was all he had to trust to, for not plunging his whole family into deep distress. "Leave," said this good man, "leave Miss Howard to act for herself; if you will see her again, treat her as you have formerly done, with kindness and friendship, but avoid a private conversation. Molest not your brother in his pursuit; you cannot now do it with honour; you are his confidant. He perhaps leans on you for assistance; should you betray him, your own heart will never forgive you. Though the consequences may agonize you, my dear boy, do not act unworthily. Men in your station of life owe something more to the world than less conspicuous characters; their example is either of the greatest advantage, or of the most mischievous consequences to mankind. The world follows their lead. Men born in inferior ranks of life, often bring characters ennobled by birth, only as excuses

for their own bad conduct: crimes, in this way, become fashion; they are permitted, at last, in every rank; and it is boldly asserted that those very fashionable crimes or follies cannot be so infamous as religion pretends, for they are not only tolerated, but practised, by the first nobility of the country; by those that are respected, courted, and flattered; by those that the public prints are every day loading with panegyric, as if they were leading the lives of patriarchs. I fervently pray, my child, that I may never see you but an honour to your country, and a comfort to your family. Much as I love you, I would rather see you dead than disgraced. Brotherly affection is one of the most beautiful things in nature; no earthly consideration should ever burst the bands; nor can it, where on both sides the heart is truly good."

Mr. Lindsey's reasoning made a deep impression on Lord William; he determined to see as little of the object he so adored, as was consistent with the intimacy they had lived in, and he promised himself that he should put a proper restraint on all his words, looks, and actions. Mr. Lindsey had recommended occupation; he would entreat his father to allow of his going into the army, though he feared it would be a difficult matter to accomplish with the Duke.

While Lord William was passing his melancholy and tedious days as we have related, the Duke his father, with Lord Beaumont, arrived unexpectedly at Bellevue (as Mr. Lindsey's place was called). The visitors came in high spirits, and had much lighter hearts than their hosts. The Duke seemed very anxious about Lord William, and uneasy at not finding him look better than when he left London. The Marquis declared, that if he

did not go to Canterbury with them, he should be quite unhappy, and feel no satisfaction in the present his father was about to make him. "You must," said he, "visit the old castle, and assist me with your taste in repairing and beautifying it. I insist, William, that you have a wing of it to yourself; I could not bear your not sharing with me all that I possess." How could Lord William answer this affectionate brother? His heart sunk within him; it was in vain he attempted to express his feelings; he could only grasp his hand, and secretly pray he might render himself worthy of being so beloved. The Duke proposed his friends accompanying them into Kent. "I hope your long teasing business is finished, Lindsey; if it is not, you must return to it when I go back to London, for I cannot longer be without your company and William's."—"Your Grace has surprised us," replied

Mr. Lindsey, "and my business is not completely at an end, nor can I well conclude it without the assistance of Lord William; at present, it may stand still; we can resume it at a future period; it shall not prevent our accompanying you to Canterbury."—"What mighty secret can this be," said the Duke, laughing, "that you and William are so interested about? Nothing is a secret long, Lindsey; and we shall have our curiosity satisfied yet."—"It is only a matter concerning myself," replied Mr. Lindsey, "and not worth troubling Your Grace with; I knew the Marquis or Lord William would neither of them refuse their old friend any favour he could ask them, and William coming in my way first, I troubled him; perhaps, at some future time, I may draw upon Lord Beaumont's friendship."—"And you can never apply in vain, dear Lindsey," answered the Marquis;

"I only wish I could have an opportunity of being useful to you."—"I firmly believe it, my young friend. Need I say, I esteem you and your brother as my children? But we are talking instead of acting; I must see if I have got any dinner for such great and unexpected guests. If you will stay with me to-morrow, I will promise to accompany you the next morning at any hour you please."

The Duke acceded to this proposal, and, having changed their dress, they followed Mr. Lindsey to his eating-room, and partook, if not of a splendid dinner, of an excellent one, in his comfortable and elegant apartment, where every thing was in the best taste; a blazing wood fire added cheerfulness, and excellent wine exhilarated the spirits of his noble guests.

To those not entirely perverted by a city life, the country can gratify even in

the midst of winter. Still can a mind fond of nature find pleasure in contemplating the awful scene. It is impossible that a human being, possessed of understanding, can view the landscape unmoved. Nature seems dead; vegetation is no more; the trees are without a leaf; scarcely a blade of grass is to be found; the hills are cold, bleak, and barren; the rivers are almost hid beneath their icy coverings; the blue vault of heaven is obscured, and heavy clouds, surcharged with rain, sleet, and snow, are ready to pour almost a deluge on the world. But even this extraordinary change in nature is grand, is wonderful; it speaks in loudest accents to the heart of man, the great power of the Creator. All is ordered, in its appointed season, to restore the world to its pristine beauty, and give us all that we before admired; all that is necessary for our wants and our comfort; nay, even

for our pleasures, provided that our minds are innocent enough to be satisfied with the immense bounty of nature, for immense it is, though ungrateful man is often ready to deny the goodness of the mighty Hand that is stretched over this magnificent globe, and to reject the blessings it scatters round: to such beings as these, winter is clad in terrors, and summer scarcely brings a day to please.

The group around Mr. Lindsey's blazing hearth were of the class that enjoyed nature in all her variety. High in rank, their minds were not corrupted by it. Atheism, and the new philosophy, they held in abhorrence. The Duke, a man of principle and true honour, had taken pains to impress his own sentiments on the minds of his sons, and the brothers were not ashamed of professing themselves Christians; they would have feared more to offend their

God, than drawing on themselves the ridicule of the whole world. I pretend not to paint faultless characters; all created beings are subject to the frailties and failings of human nature. Were there nothing to combat in our feelings and wishes, little would be the merit of acting right; but let me assure my young friends of both sexes, that while they have a heart within them free from guilt and remorse, every enjoyment in this life will be doubled; and, independent of the miseries and misfortunes common to mankind, they must be happy.

The day the Duke remained at Bellevue was cheerfully spent; the brothers went on a shooting party, and the Duke and his host wandered about the garden and grounds. Lord William succeeded in concealing the grief that lay heavy at his heart, and the Marquis informed him minutely of every thing

that had passed since his leaving London. Lord William learned from him the departure of the Howards for Hampshire; when they intended returning; and Lord Bellengen's having ordered a house to be taken for the accommodation of his daughter. "I flatter myself, my dear William," said Lord Beaumont, "that Lindsey will not want you to remain longer here; I cannot, indeed I cannot, dispense with your company in town; you must give me your advice and assistance; I don't wish at present to declare myself to Miss Howard; if possible, I would gain her heart; she ever treats me with friendship and kindness, but I see no tenderness in her manner; she is ever the same to me; easy, good-humoured, and unconcerned; but, my dear William" (putting his arm within his brother's, and walking him through the great hall), "that cannot satisfy a heart like mine, glowing with

love, and adoring her as I do. I don't know what to make of her; she seems to have more exquisite feelings than any other creature; I think her whole form breathes, and yet I believe her nature cold."—"Her nature cold?" cried Lord William, with a look of surprise. "I really do," answered his brother; "have you heard that she has discarded Fitzroy?"—"Discarded Fitzroy, Frederick?"—"Yes, upon my soul, I could not but pity him; though, had he gained her affection, I should, I fear, have been ready to run him through the body."

Lord William gave an involuntary start; the Marquis perceived it, and said, laughing, "No, I would not have murdered him; don't think me so bad as that; I should only have hated him from the bottom of my heart; detested, envied him, and been ready to destroy myself; but absolutely I don't know

what madness I might be guilty of, were I, in my present state of mind, to see Caroline encourage a rival. O William! I cannot live without her; I have not yet mentioned my sentiments to my father, but I will do so the moment I can suppose I have made the least impression on her heart; till then, I must not give the least hint of my wishes, for I know my mother will be difficult to gain, having determined on my union with pretty Emily, who no more cares for me in the way of love, than I do for her."—"But, my dear brother," said Lord William, "how will you ascertain Miss Howard's liking, when you have already seen so much of her, and are still so perfectly ignorant of her sentiments?"—"How shall I ascertain it, William? I hope to do so, both by myself, and through you: I see she has a real friendship for you; and I cannot doubt a moment but you, my dear bro-

ther, will make use of it to benefit me. You will have many opportunities of learning her real sentiments, of intimating your knowledge of mine; I think even that she would sooner believe from your lips the ardour of my love, than from my own. A lover, she might fancy, would exaggerate, and give a greater force to his feelings, than they really possessed; but from you, the language of friendship could never be doubted; she would certainly perceive the partiality of a brother in all you could say; but that very partiality would operate in my favour."

The Marquis paused. He walked through the hall, his arms folded, and in deep thought. Lord William was confounded, alarmed; he endeavoured to answer his brother; he could not find words, nor could he trust his voice to utter a sentence; he stood almost motionless, and, looking at the Marquis

with a vacant stare, he mentally said, "How dreadful is my state! not only must I relinquish all hope of possessing the woman I adore, but I am doomed to assist in making her the wife of another. A brother that would lay down his life for me, is tearing my heart in pieces. O Heaven! support me, give me strength of mind to bear up against this misfortune, this grief, this unheard-of misery, that has fallen on me; inspire me with a true sense of what is just and right; lead me to act with honour, let my own sufferings be what they may."

At this moment Lord William put his hand to his forehead, and the Marquis, who then raised his eyes, saw that he looked very pale, and, coming towards him, with the greatest tenderness, inquired, was he not well? and expressed infinite uneasiness on his account. "Really, William," said he, "you should

consult a physician; I cannot bear to see you droop, and not take some means to re-establish your health." Lord William declared he never was better in his life; he had only a slight headach, which would soon go off. His brother, again putting his arm through his, continued to walk him through the room, and renewed the former conversation. "I am convinced," cried he, "that my father will never consider any thing but your happiness, William, and mine, in marriage; he has neither the pride nor the desire for fortune that my mother is unhappily possessed with. As to Miss Howard, I care not about her fortune; I should rather she had not a guinea; her family is equal to any one's; and for herself, nothing that I have ever seen can compare with her. Her charming friend Teresa is next to her—the most perfect of her sex, at least she is so in my eyes; but my whole soul is

devoted to Caroline, and I dread her coldness more than death."—"I should think," replied Lord William, with a half-stifled voice, "I should think my brother need not dread being rejected by any woman he may find worthy of his vows. Frederick, you must be sensible how amiable, how captivating you must appear to a woman so capable of appreciating your merits as Miss Howard; and can you doubt your success? In you she will find every thing that can render her happy. It is for inferior mortals to be miserable; you have only cause for rejoicing."—"You are a comforter, my brother; I will hope, I will trust your eyes, your feelings, and not my own; you shall give me your assistance, and all may go well." Lord William sighed deeply; he thought all would indeed go well for his brother; he spoke as he believed, that Caroline would not reject such a man, who loved

"——With adoration, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire."

A servant announcing dinner, relieved the unhappy Lord William from a conversation, that all his fond affection for his brother, all his firmness of mind, or his sense of honour, could scarcely give him patience to support. Rejoiced to escape from such torture, he willingly followed to the eating-room. During the evening he avoided a repetition of the subject, and the next morning, at an early hour, our little group left Bellevue for Canterbury.

CHAP. XX.

"The radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintry goal attains,
Seems to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins.
\- - - - - -
But lo! on this deserted coast
How pale the sun, how thick the air;
Lo! winter desolates the year;
The fields resign their latest bloom,
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll,
But snows fall dark and rains resound,
And while great Nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

At the time what we have related in the last chapter passed at Shooter's Hill, the Howards were on their way to Hampshire. The roads were heavy, the days overcast and lowering, and the

nights so cold, that they travelled slowly. Happy as Lady Gertrude and her husband were made by their reconciliation with Lord Bellengen, and their future prospects, there was an alloy to their comfort in seeing Caroline so depressed; they were too well accustomed to read her ingenuous countenance, not to be assured there was some oppressive weight upon that heart they would have sacrificed their own happiness to have lightened of any load of grief it might be fated to struggle with. Sometimes it occurred to them that she repented her sudden and positive rejection of Fitzroy; but they soon discarded that idea when they reflected, that inconstancy and caprice made no part of her character. "I fear, my dear Edward," said Lady Gertrude, "that she likes the Marquis, and has flattered herself that his attentions had some meaning in them, and is now made wretched

by finding she has a rival in Lady Emily. —"For once in my life, Gertrude, I am not of your opinion; I have watched Caroline very narrowly, and cannot discern the smallest symptom of love for either of them. She admires Fitzroy's good and charming qualities, but I would stake my life she never would marry him; and as for the Marquis, with him she is always easy and unembarrassed, and treats him as a kind friend. But to be perfectly open with you, my love, I have my suspicions that Caroline has no rival with the Marquis, unless the Baroness Teresa is one; I am convinced, she or Caroline have fairly thrown out Lady Emily. I own to you, Gertrude, I am not perfectly at ease on this account; the Duke and Duchess being disappointed in their views for their son, may end seriously. I am satisfied, amiable as Lord Beaumont is, he will not be controlled. My

child shall never go into any family that will not receive her with open arms; and should any thing disagreeable occur, or Caroline make herself or others unhappy, I know how severely you would feel it."--"As to the Duke and Duchess," replied Lady Gertrude, "I cannot see what objection they could have to the Marquis's choice, should it be Caroline; she cannot have so large a fortune as Lady Emily, but certainly there is no comparison in the women; and does the Marquis want fortune? He is undoubtedly very amiable; I sincerely hope he likes Caroline, and I only wonder I have been so stupid as not to perceive his partiality." Mr. Howard smiled: "I do not, Gertrude, assert that what I say is a fact; I speak my secret thoughts to you, they may have no foundation; but I see you would like your daughter should be a Duchess, and I verily believe, though you gave your hand and heart to the

poor untitled Howard, you think a great deal of rank and riches for Caroline." Lady Gertrude was disconcerted, and reddened. "Edward, you are a little unjust; I would not sacrifice Caroline to the highest rank and greatest riches in the kingdom; but when rank, riches, and a charming man are all united, one cannot but be pleased with the assemblage."—"Dear Gertrude, I make it my request, you do not mention a syllable of this to Caroline; allow things to take their course; we may, I am convinced, rest safely on her conduct. A thousand things pass in the minds of young persons, they have not the power of divulging to parents; and parents should not wish to dive into their hearts, so as to canvas every thought, and force them to disclose all those feelings which it may be dangerous to encourage, and which they may never be able to combat, if once ex-

posed to the eye of mortal. A sensible and delicate young woman will not long allow the tyranny of an unreturned passion; she will not let herself down by doing so. Fear nothing, Gertrude; Caroline will not distress us; and we should greatly distress her, were we to shew her we had the least idea of any concealment on her part."

The charming object of all this parental anxiety knew not that she caused the least uneasiness to those adored and fond parents. She believed the distress of her mind could not be traced in her face, and she willingly devoured her own grief. It was not that this amiable girl had a wish to conceal from her parents, even what she might condemn as a fault in herself, but she mentally said, "What can I tell them? I can only divulge my own folly and the cruel treatment I have received from Lord William—cruel I must call it, for he has played with the

affections of my heart. How have I deceived myself, in thinking I was dear to him, in setting any account by those incessant tender attentions he paid me! Is it possible that men can be so deceitful? women so credulous?" These were her reflections on her journey; yet she had too much good sense to give way to a weakness she condemned, and she determined resolutely to strive against it. She sighed, and felt a severe pang at considering Lord William only as an acquaintance, but she exerted herself to resume her cheerfulness and to amuse her mother.

Even in the dreary days of winter there is, in travelling, such a succession of new objects, that curiosity is excited; and if your view is not entirely obstructed by clouds and darkness, a contemplative mind must find a degree of entertainment and instruction. Nothing was lost on Miss Howard; she had al-

most forgot the country through which she passed, but her father pointed out to her every thing worthy observation during their journey. He thought an ignorant woman almost as bad as a learned one; and at the moment he endeavoured to open her mind and instruct her in all a woman should know, he gave her the most serious advice never to bring herself forward, or pass the bounds prescribed to females, by making a display of knowledge: "A woman," cried he, "who is vain, and proud of her learning, is to men a most disagreeable being, who assumes a masculine appearance that frights them from her.

"'Let man discover, do not you display,
But yield your charms of mind with sweet delay.'"

Our heroine listened with delight to the instruction so tenderly given; and the self-satisfaction she felt in rendering herself what her fond parents wished

her to be, stood to her in the place of a thousand pleasures. The morning that was to bring them to their home, she hailed with joy; and on opening the window of her apartment at the inn where they slept, she was charmed to see a bright sun and a white frost on the ground.

Mr. Howard's place, Rosefield, was extremely pretty, and laid out in good taste; the house was sweetly situated on a rising ground. At the moment that our trio discerned it from the road that wound to it, the sun was glittering on the windows and white front; the stately oak and the tall fir rose behind it, mingled with sycamores and beech-trees; and though now divested of their leafy honours, and only waving their bare arms in the wind, they still adorned the scene they sheltered, and gave an appearance of comfort to the mansion. Beneath the house, in front, lay a lawn

of some acres, surrounded by a delightful walk, in many places sheltered by high trees of various sorts, and in others by the finest evergreens; the lawn sloped from the house, and over it were scattered, in various directions, clumps of laurels, arbutus, and holly, the acacia, the cypress, the young oak, and the dark melancholy yew; not to interrupt or shut out the prospect, but to shew it to the greatest perfection. The trees that were now deprived of their foliage, let in a bolder, though not so interesting a view as charmed the beholder in the midst of summer, when they had a clear prospect of the Isle of Wight, the sea, and the surrounding country. The meadows that lay about Rosefield were beautiful, and divided by fine hedge-rows, and some by lanes, terminating in romantic and picturesque views.

The frost that had taken place the

day before, divested even a wintry scene of its horrors; the air was clear, though piercing cold, and every bush was hung with gems which sparkled in the sun-beams. Lady Gertrude leaned from the carriage: "We can see the house," she cried. "Home, dear home! do I again behold you, after so long an absence?—

'Dear is that cot to which my soul conforms,
'And dear that hill which lifts me to the storms.'

What happy days have I passed here!" continued she, pressing her husband's hand in hers. "And if my dear father ever visits this spot, I shall feel myself a thousand times happier than I ever felt in the days of youth and vanity." Mr. Howard returned the pressure with true conjugal affection, and welcomed her and his daughter to their peaceful home. Caroline, as she approached it, recollected with delight every spot that had been her haunt in childhood; and

when the carriage advanced towards the house, she cried, with tears and smiles struggling for mastery in her beautiful face, "There is the very spot where we bid Henry farewell; he mounted his horse near that tree, we saw him till he passed that turn in the road."

By this time they had arrived at the entrance of their mansion, and the old domestics flew to welcome their much-loved master and mistress: they started back in astonishment at seeing Miss Howard; the interesting child, was lost in the beautiful woman; and, with respect and timidity, they welcomed her arrival.—Not so Caroline: she spoke with the utmost freedom and kindness to all, and tenderly embraced her nurse, who had been the first to meet her loved child. As soon as they entered the house, this amiable girl flew from room to room, and with delight surveyed every well-known object. She

thought her own little apartment prettier than she remembered it to have been; the windows of this room looked over the lawn to the west, towards which she now beheld the great luminary of day binding his course, and casting his crimson mantle over the horizon: she stood for a few minutes to enjoy the glorious sight, and knowing that the frost had rendered the ground quite dry, she flew down stairs, that, before the evening shut in, she might visit the garden and some of her favourite walks. Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude, delighted at the animation her countenance expressed, and the pleasure she appeared to find in returning to her native home, declared their intention also of visiting the grounds before they sat down to dinner.

A garden in winter is not an object that can give much pleasure; on entering it, it appeared wild and dreary, and

nature seemed dead. Caroline looked round disappointed; Mr. Howard, laughing, said, "What did you expect, my dear child, in the middle of winter?"—"All the beauty of spring," replied Lady Gertrude.—"No!" answered Caroline, "not absolutely spring, but surely not such wildness as this: the garden looks as if it had not been taken care of."—"I see," said Mr. Howard, "it has been taken excellent care of; I fancy, Caroline, you expected to meet a good fairy, who could with her wand produce for you Armida's garden in the latter end of January."

From the garden they passed into the grounds, and visited with pleasure every favourite spot. Here, the evergreens and the thick plantations lessened the bleak appearance of a winter scene; and Caroline found with pleasure, that during her stay she could, when the sky was fair, use exercise in those sheltered

walks: a small but beautiful conservatory terminated one of those walks; it was filled with lovely and fragrant plants all in the finest order, and the gardener exultingly shewed it to his young lady; and she finding in it some recompense for the want of her blooming garden, declared she believed the good fairy had taken compassion on her and indulged her wishes. "May all your innocent wishes be indulged, my beloved child!" said her mother: "I find real happiness in seeing you return to your natal place with such estimable feelings; home generally impresses a good mind with tenderness and veneration, a bad one with disgust."—"Dearest mamma," cried Miss Howard, "I should have no heart, no feeling, if every spot in Rosefield was not dear to me,

'Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
'A stranger yet to pain.'"

This was said with energy, almost with-

out thought; and the moment it was uttered, a deep blush suffused her beautiful cheek, and she turned her soft and timid eye from her mother, for she felt conscious that her words had intimated that the happiness of childhood was passed: it had indeed not only intimated, but convinced Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude that there was something oppressive at her heart, and they all returned rather slowly and pensively to the house.

Mr. Howard was a cheerful and happy man, and more apt to look at the fair and pleasant side of every thing than the contrary. Dinner was served, winter was shut out, lights and fire gave perfect cheerfulness to the house, particularly the apartments they occupied. They had been so long absent, that every thing appeared a matter of curiosity to them, and nothing could pass more agreeably than their evening. A thousand times

did the amiable Lady Gertrude speak of her reconciliation to her father, in terms of such exquisite delight as shewed her perfect and affectionate heart almost that of an angel. O filial love! how dost thou enchant! how engaging! how heavenly dost thou shew in those that possess thee! how dost thou purify the heart, and render it worthy of its great Creator! kindred angels smile upon it, and descend from their highest heaven to pour ('midst all the distresses, miseries, and rigours of this wretched life) balm and comfort into that heart which overflows with love, duty, and reverence for a parent.

A little fatigued with their journey, our trio retired early to rest. Caroline looked round; she saw every thing in the best order: her apartments consisted of two rooms, the inner one her bed-chamber; the other contained a piano-forte, her music-stand, a cabinet in

which were all her materials for drawing, and a bookcase full of books all chosen by her father. She spent some time in turning over different things, and in gazing on a little portrait of her brother that hung over the chimney. She smiled as she thought of soon seeing him rich and happy. "I also," said she, "am likely to possess a good fortune—will it make me happy?" A tear stole into her eye at this reflection, but conscious pride bade her suppress it. Seeing a trunk that had been brought from the carriage, she opened it; and the first thing she took up was a fine edition of Otway's works that had belonged to Lord William. On shipboard, when they had been in the habit of reading together, he had requested Miss Howard's acceptance of these books: neither the sight of them at the present, nor the perusal of Otway's bewitching strains, was calculated to banish this captivating

man from her remembrance; she lifted the volumes from the trunk, turned to the title-page, where she read his name; her eye passed over it more than once; she sighed deeply, opened her bookcase, and placing them in it, sat down to undress. She was tempted to look into some of those scenes they had read together, and rose to take a volume from the shelf on which she had placed it but a moment before: her good sense warned her not to indulge a perhaps hopeless passion; she listened to its dictates, though doing so gave her heart no little pain; and returning to her bed-room, she sunk to rest, having first implored the protection of that merciful Being who never forsakes those who with their whole heart depend upon him.

CHAP. XXI.

"Alas! how oft doth goodness wound itself,
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!"
DOUGLAS.

SOFT slumbers had composed our heroine's mind; she rose with renovated charms, and as she dressed, her thoughts were naturally turned to her present situation; she secretly rejoiced that the feelings of her heart were unknown to mortal; she would have felt humbled to be supposed the victim of an unreturned passion, and her present determination was, to occupy herself so completely, as to banish Lord William from her thoughts. Finding that her mother had not yet risen, she went to the breakfast-room, and sitting down near a wood

fire that was blazing on the hearth, "I will," cried she, "I will throw off this languor that oppresses me; I cannot forgive myself for such weakness." The windows of the room opened to the ground, and a number of little birds, driven by the hard weather to seek for food and shelter near the house, drew her attention. She crumbled a quantity of bread, and, opening the window, threw it to the timid flutterers, hoping they would constantly return for this necessary supply to their little wants.

From this window there was a view of the sea; it looked bright; the white billows foamed and sparkled in the sun, and a ship at some distance bounded over its waves. Caroline's eyes were turned to it; the little songsters that surrounded her, were instantly forgotten. Her voyage, the happy hours that had so swiftly passed in Lord William's society, drew heavy sighs from her breast;

she leaned against the side of the window; her eye still followed the ship; all that had given her pleasure while on board the Tempest, now rushed to memory. "Can I," said she, "can I forget the first hour I saw him at Lyons? can I banish the first impressions my mind received? can I fail to remember how often Lord William presented himself to my mind's eye, during my residence at the convent, when I did not even know what part of the world he inhabited? Foolish, foolish Caroline! what unutterable delight was yours, when he so suddenly made his appearance at Santa Maria!"

Here Miss Howard ceased to give further utterance to her thoughts. But thought itself would not be fettered; it flew like lightning through her past life to the present moment. Lord William's image presented itself in all its native beauty. Sense, benevolence, love,

beaming from his fine face, his smiles, his words stood in terrible array before her; she involuntarily put her hand on her eyes, as if, by so doing, she could shut out thought. His voice in their concerts, in their reading parties, still sounded on her ear. All he uttered on the rock of Gibraltar, in the stern-gallery of the Tempest, flashed on her too faithful memory, and she burst into tears. "Are pains and misery," she cried, "the reward of tender and constant affection? O Fitzroy! you are revenged for my blindness to your merits."

Pride then regained its empire, and ashamed of her weakness, with a degree of indignation, she dashed the tear from her cheek, and walked into the "dew-bespangled lawn," to try and recover the tranquillity of her mind. The keen morning air revived her drooping spirits, and in a few minutes the traces of tears

were no longer visible on her lovely cheek, or in her brilliant eye; and hearing her father call her from the window where he had stood, she bounded light as a wood-nymph across the lawn, and having affectionately embraced him, and received his paternal benediction, she sat gaily down to the breakfast-table, to prepare their morning repast. Lady Gertrude soon appeared, and was agreeably surprised to find her daughter so cheerful. They had scarcely begun breakfast when several neighbouring gentlemen of their acquaintance were announced; they had heard the night before, of Mr. Howard's return, and were anxious to see a family they so much esteemed, and whose absence had made a vacancy in their neighbourhood that could not easily be filled up. Affectionate salutations were succeeded by a thousand inquiries on both sides, and a hope that the Howard family would

now remain some time at Rosefield. "I could not bring myself to quit it for a moment," answered Lady Gertrude, but for the delightful certainty of meeting my father in London." Joy sparkled in her eyes as she said this, and every one felt satisfaction in the restored happiness of this amiable woman.

Mr. Westburn was one of the visitors; he was a man of fortune, married to a very pleasing woman, and one of Mr. Howard's best and nearest neighbours. He had been very fond of Caroline when a child, and complimented her now on her increased growth and beauty. He was astonished at the improvement he saw, and told her he should that day have the pleasure of giving her as his toast at Lord Ravensworth's. "You remember, Howard," added he, "old Lord Ravensworth; he died suddenly in a fit while you were abroad, and his son is come to settle in

the very house and place his father so detested, that for many years he never entered its walls."—"I don't wonder," replied Mr. Howard, "that he hated the place; his conscience would not suffer him to live quietly in it, as there his lovely wife died, whose heart was broken, absolutely broken, by his brutality."—"Is his son a good young man?" asked Lady Gertrude. "A very worthy young man, Lady Gertrude; he is not the least handsome, though his person is fine; he is well educated, and perfectly a gentleman. He is certainly indebted to his mother for his good qualities; we all know his father had none." —"None indeed," said Lady Gertrude; "but the Countess was one of the most charming women I ever saw; and the few years she lived at that deserted mansion, after I knew her, she did more good in this country, than half the people in it. Her charities were un-

bounded, but not indiscriminate, and I sincerely grieved for her death; I had a real friendship for her, heightened by a knowledge of her sufferings from the brute she was unfortunately united to. I never saw the present Lord since he was seven or eight years old, when on a visit to his mother."—"Lord Ravensworth adored his mother," replied Mr. Westburn, "and when he knows you were her friend, Lady Gertrude, I am sure he will seek for an opportunity of paying his compliments to you."

Many more visitors, gentlemen and ladies, came in the course of the day; and the Howards felt one of the greatest gratifications that can be felt in life, that of being received, after a long absence, with smiles of affection and real kindness, by those you have been accustomed to live with. Three weeks had quickly passed in receiving and returning visits, and Caroline had not a moment

to indulge the uneasiness that preyed upon her heart. She had a sound understanding that did not willingly submit to any weakness of mind, nor did she wish to nourish a hopeless and romantic passion. She endeavoured to get the complete government of her heart, and in part she succeeded. Many invitations had been received and accepted by Lady Gertrude, and the next week promised much gaiety to the young people of the neighbourhood.

The Rosefield family had been invited to dinner at Mr. Westburn's, and the morning of the day that gentleman entered Lady Gertrude's sitting-room, followed by Lord Ravensworth, whom he presented to the ladies. Lady Gertrude received them with smiles and good-humour, and the Earl made an apology for not having waited on her sooner, saying, "From the moment, Madam, that I knew you had been my

dear mother's friend, I anxiously wished to be presented to you; but the day after Westburn dined with me, I was under the necessity of going to a distant part of the country on business, and only returned last night." Mr. Howard entered at this moment; a new introduction took place, and mutual compliments passed.

The gentlemen paid a long visit, and talked on different subjects. Lord Ravensworth could scarcely turn his eyes from Caroline's face; it appeared to him the most interesting and captivating he had ever seen, and he mentally said, "I have often seen great beauty, but never such expression as hers." It was no time of the year to stir from the drawing-room fire, and the gentlemen having paid a long visit, took their leave, pleased with the certainty of meeting their fair friends at dinner. "What an agreeable man Lord Ravensworth is!"

said Mr. Howard, as the Peer galloped from the door; "I don't know when I have been so pleased by any one's conversation."—"He is very like his mother," said Lady Gertrude; "he has her manners and her form, but not the beauty of her face; though I think his a very pleasing one."—"If he has her heart, Gertrude, he may dispense with her face; he certainly has her delightful expression."—"It is time to dress," cried Lady Gertrude; "the gentlemen must have forgotten the hour when they paid us so long a visit."

Caroline instantly rose, laid by her work, and gladly retired to dress. Without being able to account for it, she felt sorry when she heard her father say, Lord Ravensworth pleased him more than any one he knew. She allowed he was very agreeable at first sight, but could he be more so than those charming men her father had

lately spent so much time with? She would not suffer herself to think singly of Lord William, though we strongly suspect he was the prominent feature in the group.

The business of the toilette at an end, Caroline started as she passed by a large mirror in the drawing-room. She had taken no pains to adorn herself; her gown was a fine plain muslin, trimmed with lace; a band of pearls bound her hair in the Grecian style; a pearl necklace, the gift of the Baroness Teresa, ornamented her snowy neck; a puce-coloured velvet cloak, lined with ermine, was negligently thrown over her shoulders to wrap round her in the open cold air. We have said, that seeing her own figure in the looking-glass, she started; it is certain she did so. Did she look ill? was she capricious about her dress? my fair readers will ask; was she not ornamented enough? My young

friends, she was not capricious in any thing; she was not fond of a load of ornament; she did not think she looked ill, but her heart misgave her, that she might please too much where she did not wish it. The constant gaze of Lord Ravensworth gave her a degree of uneasiness not to be explained to her own satisfaction; she rather dreaded than wished his admiration; and, conscious as she could not but be, of her extraordinary beauty, as she passed the looking-glass a pang shot across her heart, that Lord William was not one of the party at Mr. Westburn's.

Honestly confess, my handsome young readers, would you not have approached your glass with smiles, could you find in it so lovely a shadow as Miss Howard's presented? I answer for you, it would have been met with every feeling of delight and self-complacency. You need not blush, young beauties, or deny

this truth; all is perfectly natural; your conduct, and that of our lovely Caroline. Had Lord William been one of the guests at Mr. Westburn's, no sigh would have escaped her bosom, and the more elegant the dress, and the more charming the figure that then appeared in the mirror, the more would she have felt pleased and gratified. With delight had she then

"Repair'd her smiles, awaken'd every grace,
And call'd forth all the wonders of her face;
Seen by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes."

As it was, with rather a pensive than a happy look, and with little desire to go into company, Caroline followed Lady Gertrude to the carriage.

They found a large company at Mr. Westburn's, where every one expressed pleasure at the return of the Howards to the country. Dinner was soon announced, and Lord Ravensworth took

Miss Howard's hand to lead her to the saloon; he placed himself between her and Miss Westburn; and it was impossible for her not to find amusement in his conversation, which he addressed with politeness to both young ladies.

Miss Westburn was a very fine girl, and extremely amiable; she was not what could be called a beauty, but her manners and temper were charming. The report of the country was, that Lord Ravensworth was attentive to her. Her father and mother wished the connection, but, from knowing what the world is, were careful of appearing to do so. Miss Westburn had a good independent fortune left her by an aunt.

Lord Ravensworth was an Earl, very rich, his own master, and of a very old family. He was a sensible, agreeable man; well educated, and fond of the fine arts, though not a proficient in any. His place was a magnificent one in the

antique style; he was now fitting up the house, and modernizing some part of it, and was also laying out his grounds with much taste. He saw a great deal of company, and was magnificent in every thing.

Mr. Westburn's house was always a pleasant one; the dinner passed cheerfully, and, when the ladies withdrew, Miss Westburn told Caroline she hoped she liked dancing, as she would soon hear the violins. Poor Caroline answered, "No—Yes." She thought of the agreeable night she had spent at Gibraltar, and she gave a sigh to past happiness. "I declare, Miss Howard, it is impossible to tell by your answer, whether you like dancing or not; surely if you have a spark of vanity, you must like it, for it is visible, from your appearance, you excel in it; but I suspect," said she, smiling, "you were thinking of some dance you have been at; if so,

I fear it will render ours insipid to you."—"Nothing can be insipid where you are, my dear Miss Westburn," replied Caroline. "You have learned to flatter since we parted, and forget you are talking to your old playfellow."—"Indeed, my dear Caroline, I do not forget it; I am delighted to see you so improved; I had heard a great deal of you before your return; I heard it without envy, and you shall not find that your perfection diminishes my friendship."—"I truly believe envy could never find a place in your bosom, Catherine, did you even meet an object to excite it."—"Hush!" cried Miss Westburn;" here are the gentlemen, and I will bet you what you please, Lord Ravensworth is just coming to request your hand for the first dance."—"He can do no such thing," said Caroline; "he ought to pay you that compliment."—"He may not think so," replied Miss Westburn,

looking archly. The Earl was now close to them, and expressed his pleasure at hearing the violins. "I am glad to think that any one will enjoy our dance," said Miss Westburn; "I have been almost quarrelling with Miss Howard about it; she can't tell whether she likes dancing or not."—"I am sorry to hear it," replied His Lordship; "I was just on the point of making a request to both the fair friends; first, Miss Westburn, that you would honour me with your hand for this set, and for the second I dare to flatter myself Miss Howard will not refuse me: as I think she cannot be yet engaged, I will not delay securing so great a pleasure," turning towards Caroline, "lest I might be unfortunate enough to lose it."—"Then," said Miss Westburn, gaily, "Caroline and I had best draw lots, who shall have you for the first set."—"That would so absolutely confound me, I should not be a

fit partner for either."—"Well," answered Miss Westburn, "in compassion I will take you myself for the first set, and use my interest with Miss Howard to render her charitable for the second."

Caroline acquiesced, and Lord Ravensworth and the fair friends entered into a lively conversation, best supported by Catherine, who was secretly pleased at the Earl's not having neglected her.

The company invited for the evening, now began to enter the drawing-room, and the dancing commenced. Miss Howard was soon distinguished, and engaged by Sir William Blanford, a lively young Baronet, who danced as well as his beautiful partner, so that every eye was turned wherever they appeared. Miss Howard lost the melancholy expression her countenance had for some time assumed; smiles were diffused over her features; the music animated her,

and nothing in nature could appear more lovely. Lord Ravensworth and Miss Westburn were both excellent dancers; they were in high spirits; and had not Caroline and the Baronet been in the same set, applause would have been given to them; but well as His Lordship danced, he was sometimes out in the figure, by Miss Howard's attracting his attention. His partner rallied him a little with gaiety and good humour, though truth obliges us to acknowledge, she felt a twitch at her heart when his eyes were so often turned in a contrary direction from herself.

The first set over, Miss Westburn and Caroline, arm in arm, withdrew for a few minutes to a cooler room, where there were refreshments. Partners were exchanged, for the young Baronet had engaged Miss Westburn, who, as they proceeded to the room, whispered Caroline, "You must allow I have no more

gall than a pigeon; you *only* occupied my partner the whole of the last dance; he made a hundred blunders staring at you, and I had some trouble to put him right in the figure, and make him mind the music; I dare swear he is happy that the first set is over."—" He need not be so, Catherine, I assure you; I am quite sorry to lose so good a partner as Sir William Blanford, since I must dance; for, to say the truth, I would rather not dance, and would not, if I did not fear my father and mother being uneasy at my sitting down."

These words were music to Miss Westburn; Caroline's not wishing to dance with Lord Ravensworth, both astonished and delighted her. She had her own conjectures, so had Caroline, and neither were far from the truth. Again music gave its animating sound, and the gay throng repaired to the saloon. Lord Ravensworth led up with

his fair partner, and was now all attention; and as Catherine passed, she said softly to her friend, "How well he minds the figure now!" Caroline smiled, and pressed her hand, and that pressure said more than words could do. Catherine saw with secret pleasure, that she by no means wished to receive the attentions of the Earl, and her spirits rose. From country-dances they proceeded to reels, and at supper the Earl and young Baronet placed themselves by the lovely friends, and Catherine chatted, laughed, and animated them all. She made Caroline answer her a thousand questions respecting the Convent of the Virgin. She declared she heard she had been immured in it by her cruel father; "and," said she, turning to the gentlemen, "she is such an ugly creature, I cannot but think taking the veil would have been the best thing she could have done."—"For all but one favoured mortal it

would have been happy," returned Lord Ravensworth.

Caroline, not liking to hear more, rose and said, if they danced again it was time to begin. They followed her to the saloon, and she led off with Sir William Blanford. The company did not separate till a late, or rather an early hour. Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude returned home, completely happy in the universal admiration their lovely child met with. She felt little satisfaction in it; her heart panted for the approbation of an individual being, who was the universe to her, and she sighed heavily as she laid her weary head on her pillow.

"Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

CHAP. XXII.

"The leaves return to dress the trees,
Soft verdure decks the plain;
But to my heart no peace returns,
It feels its former pain."

It was now the latter end of March. Most of the time that the family of Rosefield had been in the country, was unavoidably dedicated to company. Mr. Howard had business to transact, but it did not prevent them from giving and accepting many invitations. Lady Gertrude was pleased to find the Westburns the friends they had always professed themselves. Mrs. Westburn was a very amiable and agreeable woman, but in a delicate state of health, and not able to endure a London life. This winter her

husband had entreated her to remain in the country, though she much wished her daughter to enjoy the pleasures of the metropolis; but the amiable Catherine would not hear of any thing that could endanger her mother's health, and was so gay and pleasant at home, that all who saw her, praised and admired her.

Though not a beauty, Miss Westburn was charming; her person was very elegant, her skin lovely fair, her hair nut-brown and beautiful: a sprightly, playful manner concealed a most tender and affectionate heart. She and Caroline had been playfellows in childhood. When Miss Howard returned to England, Catherine was conscious how greatly she excelled her in beauty and accomplishments, but she saw it without envy.

Genius and beauty are gifts from Heaven; they may be improved by the happy possessor, but never can be ac-

quired by those, to whom nature has denied them. The heart and the temper are in all young people's power to regulate; and without either a great degree of loveliness or of genius, a woman may be enchanting. Catherine had too good an understanding not to know this, and there was no one had made greater advantage of an excellent education than she had done; her temper and dispositions were heavenly, and she was the delight and comfort of her parents: she had two brothers, the eldest in the army, and then in Sicily; one younger than herself at Eton. Such a mind as hers naturally attached itself to Miss Howard, and Lady Gertrude was delighted to find that her daughter lost much of her pensiveness in Miss Westburn's company: these amiable girls were so pleased with each other, that a sincere friendship was commenced on both sides.

Without lessening Catherine's merit in the least, we may suppose she very plainly perceived Lord Ravensworth's attentions were not agreeable to her friend; they certainly had been very constantly shewn from the first day he saw Miss Howard to the present moment, which was near a month, and they had spent days together at many different places in the country, besides Mr. Westburn's, Rosefield, and Ravensworth House, where the alterations were now entirely finished, and all the rooms that the Earl had chosen to new-furnish, fitted up in excellent taste. He declared his intention of giving a ball, and having fixed the day for the twentieth of April, he sent cards to every one he visited in the country; he himself rode over to Rosefield to ask the Howards a week before the day appointed. He told Lady Gertrude his house was now entirely new furnished,

except his mother's apartments: "They are not," said His Lordship, "in a modern style, but every thing in them is handsome and commodious, and I have been so accustomed to see my dear mother there, that I should grieve to make any alteration in them while I live—they are in the best part of the house, have a charming view into the grounds, and I hope, whoever I marry may like to make them hers just as they are; should she not," continued he, laughing, "I will not impose them on her, my old-fashioned mansion has extent enough."—"No woman could be worthy of you," replied Lady Gertrude, "who would not approve such sentiments: a good son is generally a good husband." Lord Ravensworth thanked her, gaily, for her compliment.

Miss Howard and Miss Westburn were both present; they were at work. Caroline was perfectly easy and unem-

barrassed; Catherine's cheeks, naturally delicate, were now dyed with the deepest crimson, which two or three times faded and returned, as her mind operated; the needle trembled in her hand, and taking her work, she threw it into Caroline's lap, saying, she had spoiled it, and entreated she would settle it for her. Lord Ravensworth came over to where they were sitting, chatted and laughed for some time, and then, saying he should wait upon the ladies before the day of the ball, took his leave.

About this time Caroline received a letter from Teresa; it was a very long one, and dwelt much upon the time the Marquis had been at her father's. She mentioned a thousand things concerning him, and asked where he was, and what he was doing. She said, she did not know where she herself should soon be, for every one at Vienna was alarmed at the movements of Buonaparte, and

her father had hinted his intention of leaving Vienna for some time, should the French make any nearer approach. "How do I wish, my dear Caroline," continued Teresa, "for the quiet of our convent, and the company of our beloved Mother Abbess! You will, I know, feel as I have done, truly grieved to hear that her health daily declines; she cannot long survive, and we shall never see her more; sincere will be the tears we shall both shed for her, and I hope her excellent instructions will be as strongly impressed upon our hearts, as grief must be for her loss." Our heroine was much distressed at this letter; she had left the Mother Abbess in bad health, yet she could not bring herself to think of her dissolution without great sorrow; her affectionate Teresa also—what a disagreeable situation was hers! could there be any thing more dreadful than a besieged town?

It was now the second week in April; the weather was uncommonly mild; all those delightful objects that the hoary winter had concealed, were bursting into bloom, and gratifying every sense with their beauty and fragrance. Miss Westburn was spending some days at Rosefield. In such a delightful season neither she nor Caroline could confine themselves to the house, and their whole morning was spent rambling about Rosefield and its environs. Independent of the beautiful grounds that belonged to Mr. Howard, there were many charming walks to tempt them beyond the precincts of Rosefield. Caroline was fond of the sublime, and she often bent her steps to the ruins of a venerable old abbey, that lay between it and the sea. The situation was lovely, and commanded a great extent of view. The ruins were on a rising ground, and well sheltered by some fine old trees that looked almost

coeval with the abbey itself. The view took in the Isle of Wight, and to the left Portsmouth at a distance. All the ships that came through the Needles, passed in sight of the abbey, and added infinite beauty to the picture. Some of the ruins remained in wonderful preservation, particularly part of one cloister, which commanded by much the finest view from the abbey, through a broad vista formed by the surrounding trees. The ivy that overgrew the ancient pillars and the stone walls that still remained behind them, had so crept through every crevice, and had so entirely spread itself in every place where it could take hold, that in this remaining cloister it had formed a perfect roof, almost impervious to rain and wind, and in strong sunshine was a complete shade.

The ground that surrounded this ruin, and that declined towards the sea, was a sort of meadow, inclosed, except where

there was a stile and a narrow path which wound through the grounds and led by the ruins: the meadow belonged to a peasant, who almost always occupied it with sheep, and who had a cottage close to the stile. As the spring returned, this spot exhibited infinite beauty; it was both a retired and an animated scene. The melancholy of the ruins, with its ivy and dark shadowing trees, the fine verdure of the meadow, covered with the gay flowers of the opening year, the sheep with their early lambs nibbling the ivy and the long grass that grew through the mouldering walls, the tinkling of their bells, the hoarse murmurs of the waves that broke at some distance on the shore, were all objects and sounds that seemed congenial to a heart not at ease. At intervals the busy sounds from the fishermen's huts on the coast, some hauling their nets to land, some preparing their boats to go to

sea; the white sails of the ships that passed to Portsmouth, and their gay colours flaunting in the breeze; the cheerful noise of the children from the cottages; the sweet carol of the various birds that found shelter and safety about the abbey; and above all, the fragrance that at this time of the year is exhaled from every opening bud, contrasted with the quiet that sometimes reigned here, rendered this spot particularly charming to a mind of taste and feeling. It is no wonder then, the fair friends found pleasure in visiting this romantic spot; though so retired, they had nothing to fear, as the cottage was a perfect protection.

Miss Howard had some rustic chairs made, and a small table or two for holding music and work, which she gave into the good cottager's care. On a fine morning she had her harp, books, and work brought to the ruins; and she and

Miss Westburn often spent hours in the old abbey. The cottager kept this favourite cloister perfectly clean, free from filth and vermin; and the gardener at Rosefield had, by Caroline's orders, placed stages at the ends, filled with pots of large geraniums and various sweet-scented plants that would live now in the open air. Lady Gertrude and Mr. Howard sometimes paid the young recluses a morning visit, and styled Caroline Prioress of Rosefield Abbey.

Lord Ravensworth came a few days before his ball, to pay his promised visit, and finding Lady Gertrude alone, inquired for Miss Howard; her mother informed him that the young friends had walked out after breakfast. "I had business," said she, "that prevented my accompanying them, but I make no doubt, if you will take the trouble of going so far, you will find them at Caroline's favourite spot, the old

abbey." Lord Ravensworth was impatient to seek them; and having remained a quarter of an hour with Lady Gertrude, he requested she would allow a servant to shew him the nearest way to the ruins. "With pleasure," answered his agreeable hostess, "if you will promise me to return here to dinner." As it was exactly what his Lordship wished to do, the invitation was accepted with pleasure, and making his bow, he set off for the abbey, leaving his horses and groom at Rosefield. While he is pursuing his walk, we, my fair readers, will make use of the gift we are endowed with, of reading the very hearts of men, and see what passes in Lord Ravensworth's.

This nobleman was very amiable; he had admired a number of women for different perfections; but never having met with any one that he could say was exactly to his taste, he had never been

truly in love. He was charmed with beauty, but that alone failed to satisfy him; he could not dispense with mind, and though he did not know it himself, it was that alone could really captivate him. He also wished to be loved for himself, and was rather fearful that his rank and riches might be of more consequence to a woman of the present day, than his merits. He was not a vain man, and was therefore timid in choosing a wife. A few months before Caroline's return from abroad, he had taken possession of his estate in Hampshire, and had spent much of his time with the different families in the neighbourhood. There were many handsome girls that wished to captivate him; but that wish too plainly appearing, defeated their schemes. He was particularly intimate at Mr. Westburn's: the whole family were suited to his taste; he greatly admired Miss Westburn's

unassuming character, her good sense, her innocent liveliness, and her many amiable qualities; they were beginning to make a serious impression on his heart, when our heroine appeared: the first day he saw her, he was dazzled with her extreme beauty; her talents and disposition did not fail to augment his admiration, and he became really in love, not, however, without a pang. He could not but be sensible that his attentions to Miss Westburn had been received with pleasure; and though he had never shewn her any, that he could think himself dishonourable for not continuing when another interested his heart, yet he could not but be conscious, that if the amiable Catherine gave him the preference to other men, it was for himself alone, and not that she set a superior value on his title and fortune. Even at the time that he so suddenly deserted her, there remained a sort of

tenderness in his heart that made him dread giving her a moment's uneasiness; and he narrowly watched all her looks, words, and actions. But love (as he thought), and the fascinating power that extreme beauty for a time possesses, drew him towards Caroline with an irresistible force, and even against his own wish or judgment. When he saw Catherine and conversed with her, he felt a content, a comfort, he could feel near no one else; her insinuating voice persuaded him, that all his actions pleased her; her sweet eye never reproved him, and she praised Caroline in his hearing for her beauty and every accomplishment she possessed. Sometimes he could scarcely imagine it was in the nature of woman so to admire a rival, and he believed no one could have so much merit but Miss Westburn.

When he thought seriously of Caroline, he could not doubt but she was

sensible of the impression she had made upon his heart; he did not, however, flatter himself that she had the smallest predilection in his favour; he even fancied she felt pain in receiving those attentions from him she knew not how to avoid, and that politeness obliged her to accept. Greatly as he admired her, he felt hurt as this idea suggested itself, and he secretly vowed never to commit the folly of offering his hand to any woman whose heart he had not the hope of possessing. Full of these ideas, and weighing, with his accustomed good sense, all that was in his favour, or that could make against him, he found himself, after half an hour's walk, near the ruined abbey. Stepping over the stile, and taking the path through the meadow, he was soon certain of not having sought the fair friends in vain. The sound of the harp would have directed him to their retreat. He was now

within a few paces of the cloisters, when the melodious voice of Caroline, "sweetly floating on the wings of silence," arrested his steps and his attention. He could not bring himself to interrupt such harmony, and, almost without motion, waited till the charming musician ceased. Leaning on her harp, she asked Catherine how she liked the little Venetian ballad she had sung. "Like it, Caroline! I should have no harmony in myself if I did not listen to you with delight; when I see you and hear you, I can never wonder that you run away with all hearts." This was uttered with a sigh, at the moment that Lord Ravensworth entered the cloister: Catherine was nearest the spot; and taking her hand, he said with an air of tenderness, "No man could keep possession of his heart in such company."

The young friends rose, rather surprised at the sudden appearance of the

Earl, who assured them he should not have taken the liberty of breaking in on their retirement, but by Lady Gertrude's permission. With good humour they granted him their pardon, drew one of the rustic seats near the entrance of their extraordinary chamber, and all three being seated, they began to expatiate on the vast beauty of the situation. "It is quite *unique*," cried Lord Ravensworth; "but many have seen these ruins, and not one has ever thought of making the use of them that you have done, Miss Howard: but taste can embellish even the most beautiful spot," (looking round at the arrangement of the fragrant plants that gave the cloister almost the appearance of a conservatory.) "Had I not the happiness of your acquaintance," continued he, "and had I seen and heard you by chance, at the distance I was at, a few moments since, I might have believed

you both the blessed spirits of some of the beautiful nuns, that, centuries ago, may have been the inhabitants of this convent." Caroline, smiling, said, he had an excellent imagination. "Dear Caroline," cried Miss Westburn, "since Lord Ravensworth has sainted us, pray let us continue the delusion, and sing for him, I beseech you, that charming hymn I admired so much the other evening, and which you told me was a favourite with the Abbess of Santa Maria."

Lord Ravensworth gave a grateful look at Catherine, and Miss Howard tuning her harp, said, with a melancholy air, "I will sing it if it will gratify you, Catherine. Alas! I shall never sing it again for my dear Beatrice." As she spoke, a tear stole down her cheek; Catherine felt the soft contagion, and was almost sorry she had asked for the hymn. Lord Ravensworth turned his

eyes on both, with a degree of wonder, and something at his heart that he had never felt before. Lovely as Miss Howard was, Catherine then appeared to him equally charming.

Such is the influence of mind on the heart of a sensible man. Within these few moments Lord Ravensworth had beheld Catherine in a more amiable light than he had ever done; he saw the sweetness of her disposition; a heart replete with tenderness, free from envy and every bad passion; and this surrounded her with a lustre surpassing the most dazzling beauty.

Miss Howard wiped the tear from her cheek, and when she had put her harp in perfect tune, sung the hymn she had so often sung in the convent. Her auditors were charmed; their applause was extreme; without any request from them, she sung it a second time; then rising, and setting her harp aside, "I

can sing no more," cried she; "I fear the dear friend who has so often listened to me, and who thought no trouble she could take, too great for my instruction, is now no longer an inhabitant of this world; and though all her happiness here were at an end, I must still regret her loss. But it is not fair," continued she, "to make those who can have no interest in her, listen to my lamentations; suppose we return to the house."—"Suppose," answered Catherine, "we take a walk first; we have a great deal of time before dinner, let us go down to that little village on the coast; I see the fishermen are drawing their nets; it will amuse you, Caroline, and you will recover your spirits."

Lord Ravensworth seconded this proposal, and told them he was engaged to dine at Rosefield. Our trio then descended from the ruins, and crossing the meadow, took the road to the shore.

They had for some time entertained themselves with contemplating the now quiet sea, and watching the billows as they broke upon the sand. All the children in the village had collected to see, as they said, the beautiful ladies, who were always so bountiful in relieving their little wants, and often gratified them with presents suited to their age and condition. The children were now following them loaded with primroses, hare-bells, wild violets, and all the spring flowers they could collect, and which they had run to gather for them the moment they knew they were near the village.

Lord Ravensworth was astonished at himself; while walking and conversing with those lovely girls, and enjoying those simple pleasures, he could not but confess that he felt more real happiness than he had ever found in the most crowded drawing-rooms. "The

pleasures," cried he, "that you derive from nature, are pure and unmixed, and grateful to memory. Who will deny that this life is more sweet than that of painted pomp?" Our young friends joined in his opinion and praises of a country life, and lamented that they should so soon leave the delightful spot they were in, for the bustle and heat of London. "Remember, fair ladies," said Lord Ravensworth, "that I shall bring your rural taste to your remembrance the first time I have the honour of meeting you at a crowded assembly in London."

Caroline smiled, and Catherine told him, if he meant to point her out as a rustic, she would expose him, by declaring she had imbibed her great partiality for rural scenes from him. Conscience tinged her cheek, and she was sorry for what she had said. Lord Ravensworth was about to reply, when

they were attracted by the sound of a carriage, and soon perceived a coach with four horses in full gallop, and several attendants approaching the village. They all turned to see who the carriage belonged to, and Lord Ravensworth exclaimed, "I protest it is the Duke of Cathmore's coach, and I see him in it." It was even so.

At this moment the Duke of Cathmore's carriage, with His Grace, the Marquis, Lord William, and Mr. Lindsey in it, passed rapidly through the village, but soon stopped by the Duke's calling from the window to the postillions to do so. His Grace had seen Lord Ravensworth, with whom he was acquainted, and Miss Howard; he ordered the servant to open the coach-door, and they all alit. Our trio approached, Caroline in the back ground, for she trembled so dreadfully that she could scarcely stand. Having saluted Lord

Ravensworth, the Duke approached her, expressed his pleasure at seeing her again, saying, they were on their way to pay a visit to Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude, if they would give them house-room. Caroline could just stammer out how welcome they would be, when the Marquis accosted her, all ardour, animation, and delight. "Dear Miss Howard," cried he, "how fortunate we have been to meet you! Need I, can I say, the happiness I feel at this moment?" Caroline knew not how to reply; she, however, welcomed him; and by this time Mr. Lindsey, with Lord William, were approaching: she stretched her hand to Mr. Lindsey, and curtseyed with a degree of coldness to Lord William, who in confusion said he was happy to see her again.

Caroline then introduced her friend to the gentlemen; Lord Ravensworth was already known to them. The Duke

and his party proposed walking with the ladies to Rosefield, and returned to the carriage to give their servants some orders, when Lord Ravensworth, approaching Caroline, who was standing by herself, said, "Miss Howard, I must not forget what brought me to Rosefield this morning, lest I should hereafter repent having lost a precious moment. I came to request the honour of your hand for the first set next Thursday; I am now happy that I did not delay requesting a favour, that, if denied, would destroy all the gratification I can receive from the party I have made; and, if I know Miss Howard, her chief pleasure is to make others happy!" Caroline replied, she should be sorry to refuse him so small a favour as dancing a set with him, and she felt herself obliged by the honour he did her.

Miss Howard expressed herself with

simplicity and good nature; but though she had acceded to Lord Ravensworth's wishes, she had not gratified his heart: he was too clear-sighted, not to be convinced he made no progress in her affections; he began to suspect she had no heart to give, and determined silently to watch the bent of her inclinations; for, charming as she was, her heart alone could satisfy him.

By this time the new-comers were ready to attend them; the carriage was gone on, and our party proceeded on foot. The day was delightful, the road that led to Rosefield was romantic, and particularly pleased the Duke. The Marquis knew nothing of the prospect; he beheld nothing but Caroline, and instantly placed himself at her side; she had hold of Catherine's arm, and ardently wished their walk at an end. She was shocked at seeing Lord William, and the expression of his countenance

was so melancholy, that, angry as she was with him, she could not resist the sad impression it made upon her mind.

The Marquis talked, laughed, and seemed perfectly happy. In about an hour they arrived at Rosefield. Mr. Howard and Lady Gertrude, having been apprised by the servants of the arrival of their guests in the village, were prepared to receive them, and much pleasure was expressed and felt on both sides.

Compliments being over, and every one retired to dress for dinner, we shall take the moment to explain how the Duke came to pay this visit to Mr. Howard. Having put the Marquis in possession of the estate we have before mentioned, with the old castle annexed to it, there were forms to go through, and much necessary business to be transacted with the tenants, and alterations to be planned, both in the estate and

the castle. The Duke wished to introduce his son to all the country gentlemen near; and on that account gave and accepted many dinners, and saw a great deal of company at the old mansion. Mr. Lindsey was his constant companion; and the brothers, when they had time, amused themselves in hunting and shooting.

Still Lord William looked ill, and was at times very dejected. The Duke was unhappy at seeing him, as he thought, in a declining state of health; and supposing change of air and scene might be of more use to him than hot rooms in London, he proposed going into Hampshire, on a visit to the Howards. The Marquis seconded the proposal with delight; Lord William seemed pleased, and Mr. Lindsey did every thing possible, without discovering his motive, to prevent the journey. It was,

however, determined on, and put into immediate execution.

As soon as the party at Rosefield were in readiness, dinner was announced. The friends sat together; the Marquis took care to place himself next Miss Howard; Lord Ravensworth took his seat near Catherine, and was surprised to find he was not unhappy; he read in Miss Westburn's face, that she was pleased, and that, unknown to him, spoke to his heart. Lord William was by accident placed directly opposite to this group; and when Miss Howard ventured to look up, she often saw his eyes fastened on her face, but on meeting hers, he suddenly withdrew them, and she thought she sometimes saw him endeavour to suppress a sigh. She was uneasy, notwithstanding all her efforts to the contrary, and she was also displeased.

Caroline inquired from the Marquis,

if he had lately heard any thing of the Baroness Teresa? "Yes," answered he; "I hope she is now safe at Berlin; I had a letter from Issindorffe the day they were to leave Vienna. Her father could not endure the idea of her remaining there while it is in danger from the French. Issindorffe was to escort her, his wife, and family, to Berlin, and the old Baron was to follow them."

Dinner passed pleasantly, and the evening as it generally does in an agreeable house in the country. Miss Howard and Lord William had only common conversation; he talked a good deal with Catherine. The Marquis and Lord Ravensworth both sought in turn to occupy Miss Howard.

During the evening, the ball which the Earl was to give the day after the next, was mentioned, and he invited the newly-arrived party to partake of it. He told the Marquis and Lord William

he would ride over to breakfast in the morning, and attend them to his place, which was only three miles from Rosefield, if they should like to see his house and grounds. They accepted the invitation with pleasure, as they parted for the night.

The fair friends occupied the same apartment; and when alone, Caroline informed Miss Westburn of Lord Ravensworth's having engaged her for the first set at his ball. "I thought it would be so," replied Catherine, colouring; "I was certain, my dear Caroline, that the ball was given to you."—"I sincerely wish, Catherine, he had given it to you, who are a thousand times more worthy of it than I can possibly be. My heart can make no return to Lord Ravensworth for his good opinion of me, but that of friendship. If it had been possible to do it with propriety, I should have refused the honour he did me; I

knew not how to get off, without putting an improper construction on the compliment, at least one I did not desire to put upon it. Would you have wished me to do otherwise than I have done?"—"Indeed, Caroline, I would not; you always, I believe, act as you should do, and there is only one thing I think you want taste in (for you have more of it than any one in the world, in every thing else); but, to be sincere with you, your not seeing Lord Ravensworth's merits in the light they deserve, is, in my opinion, want of taste. Catherine blushed; Caroline smiled, and, going towards her, she kissed her cheek, saying, "My sweet friend will not, I hope, be eternally angry with me on this score. I admire and approve Lord Ravensworth just as you would have me do, I promise you; so good night; my eyes are heavy." So was your heart, poor Caroline. She

wearied herself to account for Lord William's strange behaviour; but all conjecture was useless, and she sunk to rest, determined on a cool and reserved conduct, let the pain to herself be even the most excessive.

With renovated hope, Catherine laid her head on her pillow. Miss Howard did not give any encouragement to Lord Ravensworth, and he might still return to her. She slept. Gay visions presented themselves to her pleased imagination, and she beheld Lord Ravensworth at her feet, uttering vows of unalterable love.

THE END OF VOL. II.

S. Gosnell, Printer, Little Queen Street.